THE CHICAGO CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE A. O. H. OF ILLINOIS AND THE UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES OF CHICAGO AND COOK COUNTY.

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A. O. H. GOSSIP.

Too Many Suspensions in the Order and the Probable Causes of Them —Interesting Report by County President Henely.

Great Success of the Ball Given by Div. 5—The Coming Annual Picnic—Brothers M. E. Lynch and Daniel McGlynn.

The County Board meeting on Sunday was well attended, and promises well for the interest taken by the members in the working of the Order. THE CITIZEN received permission to publish the report of the county president, and I have much pleasure in inviting the attention of the members at large to the able remarks of Brother Henely. He faces unflinchingly an issue of grave importance and one which means more than even his interesting paper has covered. I refer to the immense number of suspensions. It is not due, as many say, to hard times altogether but mainly to the fact that the newly admitted have not the cause at heart. I admit, of course, that a certain percentage will drop out because of a want of employment which, however, is not a good excuse as I think there are many who would be willing to assist worthy men to keep in good standing. But there are others who through haphazard selection were pitchforked among us and who after they have left are the source of erroneous statements respecting our work and Order. The impression is abroad that strict scrutiny is unnecessary for amission to the A. O. H. ranks, and hence many gain entrance whom it were better to leave outside, who never will be good members, and who will, on the slightest pretext, drop out again. Hence the county president, noticing the existence of what may prove hurtful to our Order in Cook county, bravely invites our attention in the hope we will remedy what may, if neglected, prove an insidious disease. The report, in part, is as follows, and should be read at every division meeting during this and the ensuing month:

BROTHERS—I regret that I have not even yet received the annual report from all of the divisions which was due in January. There were 955 men suspended in the thirty-four divisions during the year 1896. I am of the opinion that one of the reasons for such a large number of suspensions is the fact that many are brought into the Order, who are really not in earnest who do not sincerely believe in the aims and objects of the Order, and who are not willing to make the small sacrifice required of them in our Order for the cause of faith and country. Such men very soon tire of a society unless it helps them in their own advancement or aggrandisement, and such men never should be permitted to become members. Such men, too, when allowed to enter our noble Order even for the short time they remain, when they drop out materially injure the Order by giving false information to good men who would otherwise become members.

I am, therefore, of the opinion that while every member should use every effort to increase the membership of the Order, care should be taken that no man not distinctively Irish and Catholic in heart and sentiment should be allowed to become a member.

Regarding our annual picnic, I am of the opinion that the date should be at once selected, and a committee appointed to secure and locate grounds, and every member of the Order should be urged from this time forward to keep in mind the fact that we must make our annual picnic the success it should be. I was indeed well pleased at the unanimity and devotion to the Order shown by the delegates to the Irish American Council from the A. O. H., for while it is true that almost to a man the A. O. H. officers and members were in favor of a celebration on St. Patrick's Day, yet when it was found by the report of the committee on monument and the letting of the contract for same that a parade would be necessary on the occasion of its dedication, thereby making a double tax on the members if a parade were insisted on St. Patrick's Day. They at once acquiesced. Therefore thanks are heartily due to those loyal and true men for their action on that day, proving as they did the unity and strength of the A. O. H. The monument when erected will be a pride and glory to the noble and generous self-sacrificing spirit of the members of our Order, and now that we have that grand work so nearly accomplished let us turn our thoughts to other material and practical work for the Order. Much can be done if we but decide that it must be done, and it is my earnest wish and prayer that each year henceforth will bring to us some tangible proof of the good we are doing for the advancement and betterment of our people.

Sincerely yours in Friendship, Unity and True Christian Charity,

L. HENELY,
County President.

The ball of Div. 5 was a splendid social and financial success. The hall well filled, excellent music from Prof. O'Connor's orchestra and a well managed floor made the event one of more than usual pleasure. Lieut. Stanton of of the Seventh I. N. G. led the grand march with one of the prettiest girls in the room, as proud as if he was on the way to Cuba, watched with kindly eye by stalwart Col. F. T. Colby, who was, by the way, one of the lightest footed in the mazy waltz. Brother J. J. Mahoney as chairman of the committee of arrangements, is to be congratulated on his success, but a share should also be extended to Brothers Hugh Jordan, Thos. Donovan, T. D. Sullivan, Tim Cullinane, P. J. Laffey, Ed. Gannon, J. T. Stanton and James J. Hurst, who as members of the committee contributed to the success of its work. The programme included twenty numbers, the puzzling titles of which certainly indicated the patriotism of the committee, but cited no reason why a "Berlin" should be called after the county president and a "Virginia reel" given the name of the state president. As both of the officers complimented are adepts at the light fantastic, it is I suppose to be presumed as meant that they excel in those particular dances, and I fail to see why special invitations were not extended asking both to give evidence of their ability on a clear floor. The gratitude of both are due to the thoughtful committee. Among the many present were noted D. O'Leary, J. McGuinness, Col. F. T. Colby, W. J. Graham, Alex Cusack, Wm. Hastings, Patrick May, James Hynes, P. Clark, P. McCormack, Jas. Harrington, Jas. J. Brennan, M. D. Kissane, P. Courtney, Dan Coughlin, M. O'Donnell, E. Rowan, J. McCread, E. F. O'Reardon, P. Fahey, Con Lynch and others. Div. 5 did well.

What's the matter with the visitors? Some of the divisions report that they have not seen a strange face in monfhs. The weather is just the right kind for visiting, not too cold outside nor too warm within, and the brothers should avail themselves of the opportunity which will be wanting in less seasonable weather.

By the way, the divisions are expected to decide on the relative merits or propriety of a Sunday picnic versus a week-day picnic. It is a sore, a vexed and a knotty question, oft debated, and should be discussed with a view of obtaining the opinion of the majority. All members should voice their opinion and instruct their officers accordingly.

Our worthy county treasurer, Brother M. E. Lynch, has been seriously ill for some two weeks, but is happily convalescing. Brother Lynch has the sincere sympathy and good wishes of every member in Cook county. His chair at the County Board was certainly not empty, but his presence was missed by all who have learned to appreciate the worth and sterling personality of a stalwart Hibernian.

Brother Dan McGlynn, state secretary of Illinois, was the orator of the A. O. H. at St. Louis at the celebration of Emmet's natal day in that city. Brother Dan is now a full fledged lawyer, having quit railroading and opened an office in East St. Louis. So popular is our worthy state secretary, that the day he tried his first case nearly every inhabitant of East St. Louis suspended work in order to hear him make his debut. Business was at a standstill, wash tubs deserted, traffic impeded and even the legions of babies were still, while Dan expounded Blackstone and probed into the inextricable mazes of the Illinois statutes. More power to the best state secretary that ever held the position in Illinois. May his logic be convincing, his law sound, his fees as fat as all his brethren wish them, as a reward for the earnest, noble struggles of a successful self-made Irish-American.

Our esteemed state treasurer is improving in health. He suffered severely with rheumatism for over a month. Brother Costello is too genial a man not to be missed; too good a Hibernian not to be sympathised with. MOR.

In Memory of Michael O'Donnell.

At a special meeting of Div. 29, A. O. H., the following resolutions regarding the death of Michael O'Donnell were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to call to his heavenly abode from the scene of his temporal labors our late and beloved brother, Michael O'Donnell; and

WHEREAS, By his death Div. 29 has lost an honored and respected member, the church a faithful child, and the community an upright, honest citizen; therefore be it

Resolved, By Div. 29, A. O. H., in meeting assembled, that while humbly bowing to the will of our heavenly Father, we extend to the bereaved brother and uncles of our deceased brother our sincere and heartfelt sympathy for the irreparable loss they have sustained, and earnestly hope that He who decrees all things for the best will comfort them in their hour of sorrow.

Resolved, That these resolutions be printed in THE CITIZEN, the New World and the Enterprise; that a copy be sent to each of the relatives of our deceased brother; that they be spread upon the records of our division, and that our charter be draped in mourning for thirty days.

PHILIP J. O'REILLY,
P. J. TULLY,
WILLIAM BYRNE,
Committee.

Div. 1, A. O. H.

On Friday evening, March 5, the meeting of Div. 1 was called to order by President M. J. Maloney. Every member present seemed pleased at the prospect of No. 1 being the banner division by the dawn of 1898, and it was clearly understood by all the members who were present at this and the previous meeting, that every brother would do his best to get at least two new members by next December. Brother J. Barry was presented with a splendid solid gold Hibernian badge for having initiated the greatest number of new members during the past year. President Maloney made the presentation, and, in a short but neat address, congratulated Brother Barry on having received such a valuable testimonial for his splendid service to Div. 1, and he hoped that the example thus set by Brother Barry would stimulate other members to go and do likewise. The meetings of this division are getting to be more like a concert at each succeeding meeting. You see no more of those dry, matter-of-fact business meetings as of old, and this, no doubt, accounts for the prosperous condition of Div. 1 at present. Brothers, remember that THE CITIZEN and New World are the only newspapers we can rely on to fight our battles against prejudice and misrepresentation. Note the recent trial of Ald. O'Malley. Are we giving these newspapers the support which they deserve from us? No, it is not in our power to give the above named newspapers the support which they deserve, but it is in our power to give them all the support we can, and it is also in our power to patronize those honest and liberal merchants who advertise in these newspapers. Think this over, because, in this instance, mutual interest should be our motto. W. T.

SWORD OF BUNKER HILL.

In person millions came,
In spirit trillions more,
To glorify thy name
Upon thy native shore.
—Benjamin H. Field.

No age will come in which the American Revolution can appear less than it is—one of the greatest events in human history.—Webster.

He lay upon his dying bed,
His eyes were growing dim,
When with a feeble voice he called
His weeping son to him.
"Weep not, my boy," the veteran said,
"I bow to heaven's high will,
But quickly from yon antlers bring
The sword of Bunker Hill."

The sword was brought, the soldier's eyes
Lit with a sudden flame,
And as he grasped the ancient blade,
He murmured Warren's name,
Then said: "My boy, I leave you gold,
But what is better still,
I leave you, mark me, mark me now,
The sword of Bunker Hill.

'Twas on that dread immortal day
We dared the Briton's band,
A captain raised this sword on me,
I tore it from his hand,
And as the glorious battle raged,
It lightened Freedom's will;
For, boy, the God of Freedom blessed
The sword of Bunker Hill.

O keep the sword! and should the foe
Again invade our land,
My soul will shout from Heaven to see
It flame in your right hand,
For 'twill be double sacrilege
If where sunk tyrant still
Some foe dare smite our rights won by
The sword of Bunker Hill.

O keep the sword! you know what's in
The handle's hollow there;
It shrines, will always shrine, that lock
Of Washington's own hair.
The terror of oppression's here;
Despots! your own graves fill,
O'er Vernon's gift God's seal is on
The sword of Bunker Hill.

O keep the sword"—his accents broke;
A smile, and he was dead—
But his wrinkled hand still grasped the blade
Upon that dying bed.
The son remains, the sword remains,
Their glory growing still,
And eighty millions bless the sire
And sword of Bunker Hill.

A hundred years have smiled o'er us
Since for the priceless gem
Of Might with Right that moveless make
Our Nation's diadem,
Putnam, Starke, Prescot, Warren fought,
So centuries might thrill
To see the whole world made free by
The sword of Bunker Hill.

THOMAS ROSS WALLACE.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of five cents per loaf.

Everybody Says So.

Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the most wonderful medical discovery of the age, pleasant and refreshing to the taste, act gently and positively on kidneys, liver and bowels, cleansing the entire system, dispel colds, cure headache, fever, habitual constipation and biliousness. Please buy and try a box of C. C. C. to-day; 10, 25, 50 cents. Sold and guaranteed to cure by all druggists.

CARTER H. HARRISON, CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR.

Carter H. Harrison, the Democratic and People's candidate for Mayor, was born at the corner of Harrison and Clark streets, Chicago, about thirty-eight years ago. He attended the public schools of this city for a short time, and completed his education at St. Ignatius college on Twelfth street, graduating with high honors from that institution. He also attended Yale college and took the law course in that institution, and he graduated from there with high honors. After his return from college, he engaged in the real estate business with his brother, under the firm name of Harrison Bros., and did the third largest business in that line in this city. During his father's numerous terms as Mayor, he took a great deal of interest in the various city departments, and familiarized himself with their workings in every way. He is a logical speaker, very liberal in his thoughts and ideas, and will, if elected, make a model Mayor of it's great city. Mr. Harrison is very happily married, and lives with his wife and two charming children at 295 Schiller street. He bears a striking facial resemblance to his late distinguished father.

IRISH-AMERICAN LYCEUM.

Standing-room was at a premium at the last meeting of the Lyceum in Oxford hall, so numerously did the girls and boys throng to hear the fate of the bachelors discussed. A short but unusually brilliant and enjoyable musical programme prepared the audience for the tender and appealing words of the speakers, while those who soar into the realms of rhetoric had their appetites sharpened in this direction by a most excellent paper on "Navigation—Past and Present," by the popular favorite of the Lyceum, Mr. George F. Mulligan. He went into the depths of his subject with characteristic talent and energy. What the musical programme lacked in quantity was more than amply repaid by quality, and the singing of Miss Lydia G. Donahoe and the piano solo by Miss Shaw, were most heartily received and applauded.

The "drawing card" of the evening was, no doubt, the subject selected for debate, "Should Bachelors Be Taxed." Mr. P. B. Flanagan, the poet laureate of the Lyceum and other societies where the female element predominates, took up the cudgel against the poor bachelors. It was evident from the start that P. B. was a graduate from the stages of single blessedness, and had become reconciled to the step which led him to that bourne whence no traveler returns. With that happy blending of sentimental logic and uxorious appealing he grew eloquent in his efforts to convince those present that any man who can afford it and remain unmarried should be taxed. When the speaker described the home of the happy family and contrasted it with the lonely apartments of the isolated and forlorn bachelor, the audience paused to weigh and reflect. Terminating his remarks in words simple but convincing, wittily worded and well delivered, he aroused the sentiments of his listeners to a pitch that presaged his side of the question must surely win, and that elicited loud applause.

Mr. Quin O'Brien, another member of the legal profession, took the other side. It might be said that in dealing with the affirmative side of taxing bachelors, his pity gave ere charity began, for many were the allowances he made for the disciples of Hymen. Taking as he did the defence of the men who, like himself, have been obliged through the decrees of fate and of women to walk the path of life alone, he showed the wrong that the adoption of such a measure would work among his fellow-members of the single blessedness tribe.

Mr. P. O'Sullivan, from South Chicago, went at it hammer and tongs in support of Mr Flanagan and his tax, and his address though brief was very pointed and well-timed. He described the kind of bachelors that should be taxed—the men who live in hotel apartments in an air of selfishness, estrangement and questionable morality. Mr. John T. Keating followed Mr. O'Sullivan, and ably defended the cause of the bachelor. As usual, his remarks teemed with wit, wisdom and common sense, and were a fitting close to the excellent debate.

A standing vote being taken revealed the strange and unexpected fact that the majority (and the ladies were in the majority) were opposed to such a system of taxation. The bachelors present gave evidence of their delight, and each young lady found many who were willing to escort her home after such a display of kindness and generosity.

The next meeting of the Lyceum will be held in Oxford hall, 77 Thirty-first street, near Cottage Grove avenue, the subject selected for debate being, "Should the Arbitration Treaty Be Ratified?" Messrs. William Dillon, John T. Keating, Joseph E. Ryan, P. B. Flanagan, L. Henely, Quin O'Brien, and George F. Mulligan are among those expected to speak. Free tickets can be had on application to the secretary, T. J. Sherlock, 193 Dearborn avenue. Those desiring to participate either in the musical programme or the debate will please communicate with the secretary promptly. It was the intention of the officers to bring up the project of holding an entertainment or ball, under the auspices of the Lyceum, at the last meeting but the same was laid over owing to the lateness of the hour. Since then the committee has been at work, and has decided to give a grand ball on May 1, in Oxford hall, 77 Thirty-first street. Arrangements are progressing very favorably, and it is expected that invitations and tickets will be distributed at this coming meeting, which will be held on Thursday evening, March 25, at 8:30 o'clock. It is confidently believed that the Lyceum ball will be but one of the many brilliant successes achieved by this popular body, and a very large meeting is looked for on next Thursday, so that all members may be provided with ball tickets at an early date. J. J. S.

OBITUARY.

THE LATE NEAL HARKINS.

On Saturday, Feb. 27, 1897, at St. Patrick's church, Lemont, Ill., a month's mind mass was celebrated for the repose of the soul of Neil Harkins, who died in Lemont, Jan. 30, 1897. Mr. Harkins was one of the oldest Irish Catholics in the Northwest. He was born June 15, 1815, at Rossport, County Mayo, Ireland. When a boy he went to Wakefield, England, where he took part in every Irish movement. Forty-eight years ago he joined the A. O. H. society in that English town, and has been faithful to it ever since. In 1857 he emigrated to the United States, settling first in Lockport and later in Lemont, Ill. Here again his patriotic Irish ardor displayed itself. He organized the Fenian movement here, and later was a prime mover in the Land League besides organizing Divs. 14 and 22 A. O. H. Mr. Harkins was honored by his fellow citizens of every race and creed. For nearly twenty years he was road commissioner of Lemont, and for many years highway treasurer.

His death was regretted by all, and a large concourse of his fellow citizens followed his remains to Sag cemetery, where Rev. Father Bollman performed the last sad rites of consigning what was mortal of this true Irishman to their last resting place. May he rest in peace.

PATRICK BRENOCK.

Patrick Brenock, a pioneer of the city, died at his home, 587 West Monroe street, March 13, aged 83. The funeral was held last Monday at 10 o'clock. Mr. Brenock had lived at the above place for forty-three years. He was prominent in church work, and was a member of the Holy Family church, joining it in 1857. He was born in County Tipperary, Ireland, in 1814, and came to America in 1848, settling in Massachusetts. He came to Chicago in 1854. The house at 589 West Monroe street, which he occupied for twenty years, when that part of the city was all prairie, is known as the oldest house west of Halsted street on the west side.

CATHOLIC MUTUAL BENEFIT ASSOCIATION.

[To the Editor.]

Knowing that your paper is always to the fore, with all that relates to the welfare of our Catholic citizens in this city, induces me to write to you concerning a society, of which we have several branches in our midst, but whose objects and constitution are not as well known as they should be.

The "Catholic Mutual Benefit Association," is a paternal Catholic assessment society, organized in New York State twenty-one years ago—giving a life insurance of $500, $1,000 and $2,000 to all qualified between the ages of 18 and 50 years—graded for each five years. No larger sum than $2,000 can be taken. Its rates are as low as compatible with safety. Its expenses are kept at a minimum. It is spread far and wide through the United States (north of Mason and Dixon's line) and the Dominion of Canada, and numbers about 75,000 members in good standing. It has expended during its existence the large sum of $6,500,000, and—as—to—its great deeds and twenty one years of usefulness, it had for the past year only twenty assessments.

In one thing it is unique, and possesses what no other fraternal assessment association possesses, that is a paid-up reserve fund of $300,000. This reserve is carefully guarded and invested, and not to be drawn on until an epidemic should occur, and our assessments amount to over twenty-four in a year. When one takes such a fund into consideration they can easily see on what a stable foundation the C. M. B. A. is established. How many of our old line companies have such a large sum that could be realized at a few day's notice?

His Holiness Pope Leo XIII., and the Catholic hierarchy everywhere, have given their blessing and encouragement and very many have joined it.

I have written more extendedly than I first intended, but as I have been a member for over seventeen years I feel enthusiastic when talking or writing of it, and my purpose when I started was more to convey the information of a branch having been established in St. Pius Parish of twenty-five charter members.

It was organized by Dr. A. H. Johnson and instituted by the Hon. Judge W. J. Bulger, assisted by Mr. Charles O'Donnell, attorney of branch 2, and the late P. H. Linneen who recently met with a fatal accident on the Illinois Central railway.

The following are the officers elected: Chancellor and Chaplain, Rev. Father Goodwin; President, Thomas H. Douglas; 1st Vice-President, Felix Golden; 2d Vice-President, I. O. Dwyer; Recording Secretary, Thomas E. Purcell; Financial Secretary, Con Feehan; Treasurer, Owen Coyne; Marshal, Patrick O'Connor; Guard, James Whalen.

Judge Bulger offers a prize of a magnificent gold badge to the man who brings in the greatest number of new members, and as already five have been proposed the prospects are fair that the branch will number one hundred before a year has gone by. Thanking you for the courtesies extended, and that success may always attend your efforts for our people, I remain.

Respectfully yours,
C. M. B. A.

"Last Spring I was weak, nervous and all run down. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and in a short time I was well. We keep Hood's Sarsaparilla in the house all the time."—Albert Schaaf, 370 N. Hermitage avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25c.

Important Contract Secured.

We are glad to inform our readers that we have closed a contract for advertising No-To-Bac and Cascarets, the famous preparations manufactured by the Sterling Remedy Co., of Chicago and New York. The Sterling Remedy Co. appreciate the value of this paper as an advertising medium, and the compliment is the more marked, as the company is a conservative concern which sells its products under an absolute guarantee to cure or money refunded. Every one of our retail druggists is authorized to sell No-To-Bac, guaranteed tobacco habit cure, and Cascarets, guaranteed constipation cure, under this absolute guarantee, and our readers need not hesitate to buy these preparations, as it involves no risk whatever, either physical or financial.

INCOME IS WANTED.

PRESIDENT M'KINLEY SENDS A MESSAGE TO CONGRESS.

National Revenues Not Large Enough—Figures Showing the Situation—Appeal for Prompt and Effective Action by Congress.

Washington, March 16.—The president's message to congress on the financial situation went to that body one day earlier than had been expected. The president had the document ready, but was intending to send it in today, as he did not think the two houses would do more than organize yesterday. They did this work so quickly, however, that when he was notified yesterday afternoon that congress was ready he determined to send the message in at once.

To the Congress of the United States: Regretting the necessity which has required me to call you together, I feel that your assembling in extraordinary session is indispensable because of the condition in which we find the revenues of the government. It is conceded that its current expenditures are greater than its receipts, and that such a condition has existed for now more than three years. With unlimited means at our command, we are presenting the remarkable spectacle of increasing our public debt by borrowing money to meet the ordinary outlays incident upon even an economical and prudent administration of the government. An examination of the subject discloses this fact in every detail and leads inevitably to the conclusion that the condition of the revenue which allows it is unjustifiable and should be corrected.

Receipts Always Less Than Expenses.

We find by the reports of the secretary of the treasury that the revenues for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1892, from all sources, were $425,868,260.22, and the expenditures for all purposes were $415,958,803.56, leaving an excess of receipts over expenditures of $9,914,-453.66. During that fiscal year, $40,570,-467.98 were paid upon the public debt, which has been reduced since March 1, 1889, $259,076,890, and the annual interest charge decreased $11,684,576.60. The receipts of the government from all sources during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1893, amounted to $461,716,-561.94, and its expenditures to $459,-874,887.65, showing an excess of receipts over expenditures of $2,341,674.29.

Since that time the receipts of no fiscal year, and with but few exceptions of no month of any fiscal year, have exceeded the expenditures. The receipts of the government from all sources during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1894, were $372,892,498.29, and its expenditures $442,606,758.87, leaving a deficit the first since the resumption of specie payments of $69,803,260.58.

Deficit in 1893 $42,805,226.18.

Notwithstanding there was a decrease of $16,769,123.78 in the ordinary expenses of the government as compared with the previous year, its income was still not sufficient to provide for its daily necessities, and the gold reserve in the treasury for the redemption of greenbacks was drawn upon to meet them. But this did not suffice, and the government then resorted to loans to replenish the reserve.

In February, 1894, $50,000,000 in bonds were issued and in November following a second issue of $50,000,000 was deemed necessary. The sum of $117,171,795 was realized by the sale of these bonds, but the reserve was steadily decreased until on Feb. 8, 1895, a third sale of $62,315,-400 in bonds for $65,116,244 was announced to congress. The receipts of the government for the fiscal year June 30, 1895, were $390,373,203.30 and the expenditures $433,178,428.48, showing a deficit of $42,805,223.18.

BORROWED $100,000,000 MORE.

Says Congress Should Promptly Correct the Existing Conditions.

A further loan of $100,000,000 was negotiated by the government in February, 1896, the sale netting $111,166,246, but the deficit continued. * * *

In January of this year the receipts, exclusive of postal revenues, were $24,-216,994.05, and the expenditures, exclusive of postal service, $30,269,389.29, a deficit of $5,952,395.24 for the month. In February of this year the receipts, exclusive of postal revenues, were $24,-400,979.38, and expenditures, exclusive of postal service, $28,796,056.66, a deficit of $4,395,059.26; or a total deficit of $186,-061,550.44 for the three years and eight months ending March 1, 1897. Not only are we without a surplus in the treasury, but with an increase in the public debt. There has been a corresponding increase in the annual charge from $22,893,883.20 in 1892, the lowest of any year since 1862, to $34,387,297.60 in 1896, or an increase of $11,493,414.40. It may be urged that even if the revenues of the government had been sufficient to meet all its ordinary expenses during the past three years, the gold reserve would still have been insufficient to meet the demands upon it and that bonds would necessarily have been issued for its repletion.

Be this as it may it is clearly manifest, without denying or affirming the correctness of such conclusion, that the debt would have been decreased in at least the amount of the deficiency and business confidence immeasurably strengthened throughout the country.

Congress should promptly correct the existing condition. Ample revenues must be supplied not only for the ordinary expenses of the government, but for the prompt payment of liberal pensions and the liquidation of the principal and interest of the public debt. In raising revenue duties should be so levied upon foreign products as to preserve the home market so far as possible to our own producer; to revive and increase manufacturies; to relieve and encourage agriculture; to aid and develope mining and building; and to render to labor in every field of useful occupation the liberal wages and adequate rewards to which skill and industry are justly entitled.

The necessity of the passage of a tariff law which shall provide ample revenue need not be further urged. The imperative demand of the hour is the prompt enactment of such a measure, and to this object I earnestly recommend that congress shall make every endeavor. Before other business is transacted let us first provide sufficient revenue to faithfully administer the government without the contracting of further debt or the continued disturbance of our finances.

WILLIAM M'KINLEY.

Executive Mansion, March 15, 1897.

PROCEEDINGS IN CONGRESS.

Reed's Vote for Speaker Is 199—Vetoed Bills All Reintroduced.

Washington, March 16.—The senate began its work in extra session yesterday with eighty-seven senators present and with galleries packed to their full limit. The business of the day was confined to the reading of the president's message, the seating of the new senators from Kansas, Harris, and the reference of the credentials of Corbett as senator from Oregon to the committee on privileges and elections. No legislative business was transacted during the day.

The house galleries were also packed and there were flowers galore for the new members. Reed and the balance of the caucus ticket were elected to the house offices, Reed getting 199 votes. An attempt to limit the use of the rules of the last house to thirty days failed. The president's message was received and read, and the new tariff bill introduced. The appropriation bills not approved by President Cleveland were all reintroduced.

AS TO THAT SCRIP DECISION.

Facts of Its Publication Made a Sensation in the Department.

Washington, March 15.—The McKee scrip decision written by Commissioner Lamoreux has raised the loudest "buzz" in the interior department that has been heard there for years, and it may become louder. Meanwhile Secretary Bliss has ordered the case to be reopened, and people who thought they owned about $50,000,000 worth of property in Chicago, which was swept out of their ownership by the decision of Lamoreux, breathe with more freedom. The secretary's order is made because Lamoreux in opposition to all the rules procedure delivered a copy of his decision to one of the parties interested.

The man who got the copy was, it is said, B. J. Somers, of Milwaukee, of the counsel for the scrip locators. The fact that the original decision was found locked up in the commissioner's safe makes it, so the department lawyers say, the same as if it had been locked up in his bosom—it is no decision until it is promulgated, and its promulgation was forbidden by Secretary Francis. The statement is made also that the whole of the original decision except the signature is in the handwriting of one of the counsel for the scrip locators.

Another fact is mentioned that makes the case peculiar, and this is a fact: On Aug. 3 last Lamoreux was asked for a hearing on an exactly similar case—scrip location on the same land—and refused even to hear the locators, saying that the case was not different from several other land scrip cases that had been decided adversely to the locators. The first knowledge of the higher officials of the department that the opinion had been formally drawn up and signed is stated to have been when ex-Secretary Carlisle, retained as associate counsel for the scrip side, came down to the department on the afternoon of the day that Secretary Bliss took the oath of office and asked that the opinion be promulgated. The department absolves Carlisle from wrong connection with the case.

GREAT FIRE AT ST. LOUIS.

One Man Killed and Several Injured—Loss of Over $1,500,000.

St. Louis, March 16.—Fire broke out in the store of the Ely Walker Dry Goods company at 7 o'clock last night. The firm carried a stock valued at $1,-500,000, with an insurance of $1,000,000. The stock has been destroyed with the building, which is valued at $200,000. At 11 o'clock part of the east wall fell, killing one fireman, injuring two and burying a street car and an extension ladder truck. The street car had been caught between hose lines and was deserted.

The building occupied by the Ely-Walker Company was at the southwest corner of Eighth street and Washington avenue. It was owned by the Lionberger estate. The structure was seven stories high, built of granite and steel and was considered one of the best examples of fire-proof construction extant. It burned like a strawstack.

The casualties are: Dead — George Gutewald, fireman, caught under falling wall. Injured—Patrick Cardmore, fireman, fell down shaft, legs and arms broken, internal injuries, will die; Jerry McCahan, fireman, thrown from ladder, back broken, will die. One thousand persons will be thrown out of work by the fire.

Fatal Wreck in Kansas.

Kansas City, Mo., March 16.—At Wolf Creek, Kan., Sunday night the Missouri Pacific passenger train, north-bound, was wrecked by horses on the track. Ed Nye, engineer, Kansas City, and Patrick Connor, fireman, Kansas City, were killed and the following injured: John H. Meyers, conductor, Kansas City, slightly; Jack Appleton, Kansas City, slightly; H. A. Kemp, express messenger, badly scratched and bruised; —— Meadows, traveling man, Atchison, Kan., both legs broken; L. F. Bacon, Kansas City, traveling passenger and ticket agent of the Santa Fe, slightly; two other passengers, names unknown, badly bruised. Meadows died later.

Scovel Is in Great Luck.

Washington, March 10.—Consul General Lee yesterday cabled the state department that Sylvester Scovel, the American newspaper correspondent who has been under arrest in Sancti Spiritus for several weeks, will be released. This action is taken as the result of strong representations this government has made in Scovel's behalf on the ground that he was in Cuba solely in a newspaper capacity, and was in no sense a combatant or abetter of the insurrection.

Lieut. Sawyer Badly Hurt.

Boston, March 15.—Lieutenant Sawyer, U. S. N., who was seriously injured in the gas explosion in the Pittsburg foundry last week, is in a critical condition. The lieutenant reached here Friday evening, and since that time a physician has been his constant attendant.

Well-Known St. Paul Man Dead.

St. Paul, March 12.—Ex-State Auditor W. W. Braden of this state, one of the best-known Republicans of the northwest, died Thursday at Los Angeles, Cal., where he went over three years ago to recover his health. His death was not unexpected.

EXPLAINS THE BILL.

DINGLEY OF MAINE TALKS ABOUT THE TARIFF MEASURE.

Increased Revenue for the First Year of $75,000,000 and for the Second of $100,-000,000 Figured Out—Principal Feature of the Reciprocity Provision—Products Included Therein.

Washington, March 16.—Chairman Dingley, of the ways and means committee, in response to a request that he furnish a synopsis of the new tariff bill presented by him yesterday, makes the following statement: "The bill has two purposes—namely, to raise additional revenue, and to encourage the industries of the United States. On the basis of the importations for the last fiscal year the bill would increase the revenue about $112,000,000, divided among the several schedules roughly as follows: (A) Chemicals, $3,500,000; (B) crockery and glassware, $4,000,000; (C) metals, $4,000,000; (D) wood, $1,750,000; (E) sugar, $21,750,000; (F) tobacco, $7,-000,000; (G) agricultural, $6,300,000; (H) liquors, $1,800,000; (I) cottons, $1,700,000; (J) jute, linen and hemp, $7,800,000; (K) wool, $17,500,000; do. manufactures of wool, $27,000,000; (L) silks, $1,500,000; (M) pulp and paper, $58,000; (N) sundries, $6,200,000.

Imports Likely to Fall Off.

"This estimate is on the supposition that the imports of each class of goods would be the same the next fiscal year as in the fiscal year ended last June. But as the imports of wool were three times as great and those of woolens more than twice as great in pounds as in 1893, the committee assumed that the excessive importation would be largely reduced by the proposed bill, although the fact that our domestic production of wool has diminished 8,000,000 pounds since 1893 will necessitate the importation of much more wool now than in the latter year. Assuming that the importations of wool will fall off at least one-third from those of 1896 on account of anticipatory imports to avoid duties, we place the increased revenue from this source at $11,000,000.

Reductions in View of That Fact.

"Anticipating also that the imports of woolens will fall off nearly 50 per cent. from the enormous imports of 1896 we estimate the increased revenue from this source under the proposed rates at about $14,000,000. From sugar we estimate $20,000,000 additional revenues. Anticipating a considerable falling off of imports of Havana tobacco because of the revolution in Cuba we reduce the estimates of additional revenue to be derived from the tobacco schedule to $4,-000,000. The remaining schedules would afford a revenue of about $39,500,000, on the basis of imports of 1896; but as there would probably be diminished imports at some points, although the gradual restoration of business activity would offset this by increasing the consumption of imported luxuries, we reduce the estimates on these to $31,000,000.

Delay in Passing the Bill Dangerous.

"These would aggregate an additional revenue of $80,000,000 the first year. A further reduction of $5,000,000 or $10,000,-000 for contingencies would leave $70,-000,000 to $75,000,000 as the probable increased revenue from this bill the first year, which would undoubtedly rise to $100,000,000 the second year. These estimates are below rather than above the probable result, unless a considerable delay in the enactment of the bill should greatly enlarge the opportunity for imports of articles on which duties are to be raised—particularly wool and woolens—for speculative purposes. Undoubtedly any delay beyond the 1st of May in placing the bill on the statute book would result in a large loss of revenue.

BILL IS A SORT OF COMPROMISE.

Rates Are Between Those of 1890 and Those of the Wilson Act.

"This increase of revenue is secured by the transferring wool, lumber, crude opium, argols, paintings and statuary, straw ornaments, straw mattings, burlaps, and various other articles from the free list of the present law to the dutiable list; by increasing the duty on woolens to compensate the manufacturer for the duty placed on wool; by raising the duty on sugar about three-fourths of a cent per pound, in order to encourage the production of sugar in this country, which it is believed can be done and thus give our farmers a new crop which we now import mainly from abroad; by increasing the duty on agricultural products affected by Canadian competition, and on fine cotton goods; some advanced manufactures of iron and steel, and manufactures of jute, flax and hemp, in order to encourage these and other industries here, and especially by increasing duties on such luxuries as liquors, tobacco, silks and laces, etc.

"As a rule the rates of duties proposed are between the rates of the tariff of 1890 and the tariff of 1894, such reduction of rates from the former law and preservation of the protective principle being made feasible by changed conditions. The iron and steel schedule is changed very little from the schedule in the tariff of 1894, the change being entirely in the more advanced articles. The same is true of the cotton schedule. In the agricultural, wool and glass and earthenware schedules alone are the duties of the act of 1890 fully restored as a rule, and in a few cases increased, with the view of amply protecting and encouraging our farming interests at every possible point.

"While the duty on clothing wool is larger in proportion to the foreign value than on manufactured articles, yet it is thought desirable for the public interest and for our agriculture that we should produce this prime necessity for ourselves. The duty on carpet wools, as well as upon many other articles, is imposed mainly for revenue. The irritation caused by the use of a few wools heretofore classed as carpet wools being used for clothing purposes has been remedied by transferring such wools to the clothing wool classes, but the duty on clothing wool has been restored to the rate of the act of 1890."

Four-Cornered Fight at Chicago.

Chicago, March 13.—The mayoralty contest in Chicago was made a four-cornered fight last night by the formal nomination of Washington Hesing at a non-partisan convention. A complete city ticket which will go on the official ballot under the caption "Business Administration of Municipal Affairs," was nominated.

WILL RESIST TO THE DEATH.

Orders Given the Greek Cruisers in Cretan Waters—Warlike Situation.

London, March 13.—The correspondent of The Times at Canea says: The commanders of the Greek cruisers Alphios and Pinios are still in Cretan waters, and in a most difficult position. Their express orders are only to retire from Canea bay under protest, but on no account to leave Cretan waters. They are ordered to "resist to the death any attack upon them, for the honor of the Greek flag and the nation which reposes confidence in the sons of heroes." This latter allusion refers to the fact that the Greek commanders are descendants of the Greek chiefs Kondouriotis and Miaulis.

The crusiers are hourly expected to be fired upon. They are not allowed to revictual their crews. The men are living on biscuits and beans and the officers have not slept for three nights. Every man has written a letter of farewell to his relatives. It is probable that the Alphios will take the risk of a visit to another port for the purpose of revictualling.

Rome, March 15.—It is officially announced here that the rtsult of the pourparlers of the powers Saturday is a definite agreement not to reply to the Greek note, but to issue orders to the foreign admirals to establish an immediate blockade of Cretan ports, which will probably be in full operation today. This agreement is somewhat in the nature of a concession to Russia and France. Russia during the middle of last week proposed, with France seconding the proposal, another joint note to Greece insisting on the withdrawal of the troops, instead of an immediate resort of the powers to force.

London, March 16.—The Daily Chronicle says that the ultimatum to precede the blockade will take the humiliating form of a peremptory summons from the admirals to the Greek authorities. M. Averoff, the wealthy Greek of Alexandria who contributed 1,000,000 drachmas toward the expense of the restoration of the the Stadion, has offered to provide the Greek government with 40,000 uniforms. The Greeks of Marseilles have sent 10,000 pounds sterling as a contribution to the emergency war fund.

Costly Fire at Chicago.

Chicago, March 13.—Fire broke out last evening in the building occupied by John A. Tolman & Co., wholesale grocers, corner of Michigan avenue and Lake streets. Driven by a strong northwest wind the flames quickly spread to the upper stories of buildings at 10, 12 and 14 Lake street, occupied by Chase & Sanborn's coffee and spice house. The adjoining buildings also caught fire several times from flying sparks, but were not seriously damaged. After three hours' hard work the fire was gotten under control. The Tolman company stock was valued at $400,000, and is probably a complete loss. Chase & Sanborn's loss will not be heavy. Both were fully insured.

Hunter's Election Nearly Assured.

Frankfort, Ky., March 15.—The sudden death of State Senator John P. Salyers at his mountain home was announced by telegraph yesterday, and it created a profound sensation among the legislators. Salyers was a Democrat and prominent in the senatorial fight of last winter. His death removes nearly the last doubt that Hunter, the present Republican nominee for United States senator will be elected whenever the joint ballot is had.

Don't Need Three Trains.

Chicago, March 15.—Arrangements were originally made to send out three special trains from this city to Carson City carrying the sporting men of Chicago and vicinity to the fight. The sales of tickets, however, were not nearly as large as had been anticipated, and the special trains resolved themselves into three excursion parties, consisting of about thirty each, or in the neighborhood of 100 in the aggregate.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, March 15.

Money on call nominally 1½@1¾ per cent.; prime mercantile paper, 3@4 per cent.; sterling exchange steady, with actual business in bankers' bills at 487@487¼ for demand and 485½@485¾ for sixty days; posted rates, 486@488½ and 488@488½; commercial bills, 484¼.

United States government bonds firm; new 4's registered, 123¾; do. coupons, 123¾; 5's registered, 114; do. coupons, 114; 4's registered, 111¼; do. coupons, 113½; 2's registered 93¾; Pacific 6's of 95, 103¾.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, March 15.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—March, opened and closed nominal; May, opened 73¾c, closed 73¾c; July, opened 72¼c, closed 72¾c. Corn—May, opened 24¾c, closed 24½c; July opened, 27½c, closed 28¼c; September, opened 26½c, closed 26¾c. Oats—May, opened 17¼c, closed 17c; July, opened 18¼c, closed 18c. Pork—May, opened $8.62½, closed $8.77½; July, opened $8.75, closed $8.90. Lard—May, opened $4.22, closed $4.30; July, opened $4.37½, closed $4.37½.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 18c per lb.; extra dairy, 16c per lb; fresh packing stock, 8c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 10c per doz. Poultry—Turkeys, 9½@12½c per lb; chickens (hens), 7½@8½c; roosters, 4@5c; ducks, 9@11c; geese, 7@8c. Potatoes—Barbanks, 22@25c per bu.; Hebrons, 19@22c. Sweet Potatoes—Illinois, $1.00@1.50 per bbl. Honey—White clover, 11½@12c per lb; imperfect, 7@9c. Apples—Common to fancy, $1.00@2.00 per bbl. Cranberries—Jerseys, $2.00@3.50.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, March 15.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 28,000; sales ranged at $3.40 @4.05 pigs, $3.85@4.05 light, $3.60@3.65 rough packing, $3.65@4.05 mixed, and $3.70 @ 4.05 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 16,000; quotations ranged at $5.10@5.45 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.60@5.10 good to choice do., $3.90@4.55 fair to good, $3.60@4.05 common to medium do., $3.50@3.90 butchers' steers, $3.25 @3.80 stockers, $3.70@4.15 feeders, $1.80@3.70 cows, $2.40@4.30 heifers, $2.25@3.75 bulls, oxen and stags, $2.90@4.30 Texas steers, and $2.75@ 4.25 veal calves.

Sheep and Lambs—Estimated receipts for the day, 19,000; sales ranged at $2.30@4.25 western, $3.00@3.40 Texans, $2.60@4.30 natives, and $3.50 @5.35 lambs.

Milwaukee Grain.

MILWAUKEE, March 15.

Wheat—No. 2 spring, 73½c; No. 1 northern, 78½c; May, 74½. Corn—No. 3, 19c. Oats—No. 2 white, 18¾@19¼c. Barley—No. 2, 31½c; samples, 23@31½c. Rye—No. 1, 34½c.

St. Louis Grain.

ST. LOUIS, March 15.

Wheat—No. 2 red cash elevator, 95c; track, 97c; May, 91c asked; 89½c bid. Corn—No. 2 cash, 20½c; May, 22c bid. Oats—No. 2 cash, 17c bid; May, 18c bid. Rye—34c elevator.

Detroit Grain.

DETROIT, March 15.

Wheat—Cash white, 89½c; cash red, 89½c; May, 90½c; July, 76c asked.

STATE LEGISLATURE.

WHAT THE LAWMAKERS ARE DOING AT SPRINGFIELD.

Proceedings in the Senate and House Boiled Down—Bills and Resolutions Introduced and Other Matters of Interest to the People of the State.

Springfield, Ills., March 11.—In the senate yesterday a large amount of routine business was transacted. A number of bills were introduced, others were advanced on the calendar, while several were passed. A petition from the railway employes of McLean county protested against the 2-cent fare railway bill. Bills were passed: Providing for the release of an assignee by transferring unsettled accounts to the county treasurer; providing that a wife shall be a competent witness to testify in a case of wife abandonment; authorizing the establishment of houses of correction outside the corporate limits of cities.

In the house bills were introduced: Providing for an inspection of beer, to see that nothing but pure beer is sold; providing for the payment of wages to convicts in all the prisons and reformatories of the state, the wages so earned by the convicts to be paid over to their wives or families; providing that no express company shall charge extra for the delivery of a package from the railway station or express office to the consignee; to regulate the sale of cocaine; providing that the minimum wages paid to laborers working on state contracts shall be $2 per day.

Springfield, Ills., March 12.—The senate was in session just five minutes yesterday, without a quorum present. Bills were introduced: Authorizing cities, villages or incorporated towns of organize under the general law by an election; providing for a library commission of five to promote free public libraries; to compel railroads to carry bicycles as common baggage. Adjourned to Tuesday. In the house there was scarcely a quorum. A bill was introduced to prohibit department stores and one to establish a court of conciliation to settle law suits. Adjourned to Tuesday.

CONDITION OF ILLINOIS WHEAT.

Much Damage Done by Winter-Killing All Over the State.

Springfield, Ills., March 12.—Owing to the rumors prevailing over the state since early in January as to the extent of the injury to winter wheat by winter-killing, the Illinois state board of agriculture asked for reports on the subject from correspondents in the wheat belt, the summary of which is given below. The reports corroborate the prevailing opinions and a very unfortunate condition is noted. The reports of damage from this source vary from 15 per cent. of the area seeded to the entire amount, the average being 59 per cent. of the area. Last fall 1,497,000 acres were reported seeded, and if the stimate of damage is confirmed but 632,000 acres will be left for harvest.

In many counties the entire area seeded will be plowed up. A reduction of the area seeded of 1,000,000 acres, which is reported, leaves by far the smallest area ever harvested in Illinois. Under the most favorable conditions from now on to harvest there is little reason to hope for more than 10,000,000 bushels yield in thes tate, which is not nearly enough to supply the home demand for consumption and seed for the next year's crop. But six counties report injury to wheat by Hessian fly, and to such a small extent that it cuts no figure in the result.

Pardoned by Governor Tanner.

Springfield, March 16.—Governor Tanner has pardoned Albert N. Voris from Joliet prison. Voris was convicted in January at Danville of bigamy and given an indeterminate sentence. He left his wife and child at Cincinnati and went to Danville, where he married without obtaining a divorce. Divorce was granted his first wife the day Voris was convicted. His first wife and baby appeared here Monday and pleaded for a pardon, and the governor granted it.

Death of a Great Land-Owner.

Keithsburg, Ills., March 15.—William Drury, known as the millionaire land owner, died at his country place, north of this city, Saturday night. He was the largest individual land owner in this country, having hundreds of thousands of acres in Colorado, Nebraska, Texas and Kansas, besides 6,000 acres of the richest farming land in this county. Mr. Drury was 87 years old, and came to this county in 1831.

Juror Sent to Jail.

Chicago, March 16.—Judge Ball sentenced Juror Fred Schultz to five days in the county jail Monday for seeking a bribe in connection with the John Lace forgery case. When Schultz was brought before the court he made some sensational countercharges, implicating M. James, a witness in the same case, and formerly connected with the sheriff's office, in an attempt to "hang" the jury.

Rabid Dog Bites a Drove of Hogs.

Springfield, Ill., March 15.—The Illinois Live Stock commission has been notified by the authorities of Sumner, Lawrence county, that a rabid dog has bitten a large drove of hogs in that locality, spreading hydrophobia, and that every hog bitten has been rabid.

He Did Not Hit the Hotel.

Jacksonville, Ills., March 15.—James Bowyer, a young man of this place, committed suicide by shooting at the Park hotel. He left no letter of explanation, but enforced idleness is supposed to have been the cause.

State Notes.

Joseph R. Dunlop, editor of the Chicago Dispatch, has been sued by Theresa D. Dean, the divorced wife of Dr. W. Louis Tallman. She charges criminal libel in an article which refers to an alleged escapade at the Plaza hotel.

John Clemenger has been awarded $21,000 against the Chicago and Eastern Illinois and Chicago and Western Indiana Railroad company for injuries received at Chicago.

The Hodcarriers' council, comprising four unions, and the Plasterers' union held meetings and declared the building trades' strike at Chicago off.

While Mrs. M. A. Richardson and her daughter, of Chicago, were attending church burglars entered the house and carried off jewelry and clothing valued at $500.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, March 10.

The Idaho legislature has adjourned.

A. S. Trude has formally withdrawn from the race for mayor of Chicago.

Emigration to Siberia has been so great from eastern Russia that it has been forbidden summarily. Revenue was falling off too rapidly.

The Texas Live Stock association has passed a resolution giving the Chicago stock yards thirty days in which to abolish the $2 terminal charge on each car.

Americans who travel in Turkey must provide themselves with passports.

It is estimated that not less than 40,000 rabbits have been killed in Bingham county, Ida., this winter. The bounty of 2½ cents a scalp has encouraged the slaughter.

Eighteen and one-half hands is the height of a horse owned at Plymouth, Neb. The horse is said to be the largest west of the Mississippi river.

Justice Lawrence, of the supreme court of New York, has declared invalid the divorce secured by J. G. Driscoll, in Oklahoma.

Thursday, March 11.

Senator Hanna's daughter is engaged to be married to Mr. Beery, a successful young bridge builder of Toledo, O.

This year's graduating class in the United States Indian industrial school, Carlisle, Pa., numbered twenty-six, and represents many tribes.

The Leadville miners' strike has been declared off.

General Frederick Colomon, late of the United States volunteer army, died in Salt Lake City.

G. B. Neveu, of Chicago, died at his home without medical attendance. He was 84 years old.

Ex-Senator Dolph, whose leg was amputated at Portland, Or., is dead.

Emperor William of Germany has been ordered by his physicians to take more out-of-door exercise. The emperor is growing stout and his blood is bad.

Expert diamond rippers who are probably en route from the east to Carson to relieve the sports of their jewels during the big fight, remained at Los Angeles long enough to accumulate $2,-000 worth of gems.

Friday, March 12.

Comptroller Eckels has issued a call for a statement of the condition of the national banks at the close of business Tuesday, March 9.

Professor Henry Drummond, the author of "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," is dead at London. He was born at Sterling in 1851.

John MacDonald, a veteran pressman, formerly employed on The Times and other Chicago papers, fell down stairs at Dubuque, Ia., and broke his neck.

General alarm has been caused among the rural population in the neighborhood of Saisak bay, near Feo Chow, China, by the extraordinary boldness of tigers prowling about night and day. Two men have been carried off by the animals.

The Bullion-Beck mine, Utah, has declared a monthly dividend of $50,000 and the Mercur Mining company has declared its regular monthly dividend of $25,000.

Saturday, March 13.

The losses in Kentucky and Ohio by the recent flood aggregate over $6,000,-000.

Captain Day has arrested about a dozen intruders on the Uncompahre Indian reservation and will take them to Fort Duchesne. No resistance was offered. The agency officials destroyed all the monuments and locations.

Fire broke out in the Chicago House at Buffalo and two men were suffocated in their beds. They were Teddy O'Donnell and William Hanrahan, boarders.

The snow of Thursday night in the Dakotas and Minnesota did more actual damage than any other of this winter, especially to railways.

The fact has just been made public at Pittsburg that the Hoop Iron association has been dissolved.

K. H. Wade, general manager of the Southern California Railway company, was found dead in the bathtub in his apartments at the Hollenbeck hotel, Los Angeles. Apoplexy.

Oregon and Colorado delegates seceded from the Sovereign Camp of Modern Woodmen of the World at St. Louis and are now organizing a separate body.

Monday, March 15.

The Marquis of Bute has celebrated his silver wedding by giving £1,000 to the town council of Cardiff, the income to be given to poor girls to assist them to marry.

Godfrey Hunter has been nominated for United States senator in the Kentucky Republican legislative caucus.

The India famine fund in England has now reached £425,000 ($2,125,000). During last week the queen added £500 ($2,500) to the original and similar sum which she had contributed.

The upper house of the Arizona legislature has passed a bill making legislative sessions hereafter to be at ten-year intervals.

The first official celebration in connection with the queen's jubilee was held in Dublin Saturday night. The lord lieutenant gave a brilliant state banquet.

Johnson, the wheelman, is out of his sick bed. He has lost twenty-eight pounds and will go home for rest and recuperation.

Pure

Blood means sound health. With pure blood your stomach and digestive organs will be vigorous; no dyspepsia. Rheumatism and neuralgia will be unknown. Scrofula and salt rheum will disappear. Your nerves will be strong, your sleep sound, sweet and refreshing. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes pure blood. That is why it cures so many complaints. That is why thousands take it to cure disease, retain health.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. Small size, 2s. 9d.; large, 4s. 6d. Sold by all chemists, or by post of C. I. Hood & Co., 26, Snow Hill, London, E. C.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 1s. 1½d.

HALLUCINATIONS.

SOME OF THE CURIOUS EXAMPLES RECORDED IN HISTORY.

The Lives of Many Great Men Have Been Influenced by Visions—Frequently They Have Been Prophetic; at Other Times They Have Caused Tragedies.

The importance of the part played by dominant hallucinations in the history of the world can scarcely be overrated. Julius Cæsar, Napoleon Bonaparte, Socrates, Luther, Ignatius Loyola, are but a few of the great men whose lives were intimately entwined with ruling delusions. In these cases the illusions seem to have been persistent and not to have been produced by any voluntary effort on the part of the seer. On the other hand, Talma could walk on to the stage and after staring at the brilliant and applauding audience for a few seconds would see nothing but rows of grinning skeletons. In this he seems to have forestalled Herr Roentgen, for the skeletons were in the exact positions of the members of the audience and changed their postures with every variation of their positions. It was to this grisly "house" that the great actor delivered some of his grandest histrionic efforts.

Goethe, as might be expected, called up pleasanter and more peaceful visions. At will he could see a flower in the center of his visual field. He thus described it: "This flower does not for a moment preserve its form; it is generally decomposed, and from its interior are born other flowers with colored, or sometimes green, petals. These are not natural flowers, but fantastic, nevertheless regular, figures, such as the roses of sculptors."

The capacity for thus producing at will a lovely object had, however, the disadvantage described by Abercrombie in his famous "Inquiry Concerning the Intellectual Powers," that they were not as a rule dismissible at pleasure. Blake, after studying a model seated in a chair, could continue seeing her clearly when the chair was empty. This must have been an economical way of hiring a subject by the hour and would be an acceptable talent in these days of highly fed models. The ghastly case described by Sir Walter Scott of the man who knew that he was dying, and knew equally well that there was nothing whatever the matter with him, is perhaps too familiar to need more than passing mention. The black cat that this luckless man saw was, to use his own words, "no household cat, but a bubble of the elements which has no existence." This animal was as complex in form as the seer's metaphor, for it would turn suddenly into a court usher, and the usher in his turn would become a skeleton. This man showed no symptoms of insanity and was fully aware of the unreality of what he saw, which must greatly have added to the persistent misery of his condition.

An old gentleman described by the late Dr. Elam had a power of conjuring up, often without voluntary effort, two or more charming dancing girls, and the antics of these nymphs continued until sleep came to the rescue. The old fellow was of a particularly pious and proper turn of mind, so that their gratuitous ballet was presumably wasted on him. Nicolai of Berlin, a very level headed savant, was troubled for two months with the vision of a corpse. The hallucination lasted as a rule exactly eight minutes, and the body was apparently always steady at a uniform distance of about ten feet from the observer.

This trouble supervened suddenly after a violent quarrel in which Nicolai had been engaged. Ultimately the corpse and all the poor man's other delusions were driven back to their own sphere by the prosaic attacks of leeches on the temples. This treatment was also most effective in dispelling the visions of a certain clergyman in Hampshire late in the last century. He habitually engaged in personal encounters with the devil, until the leeches drove the foul fiend out of his visual field. Dr. Bostock, the psychologist, saw the heads of his friends "in relief, like medallions." Curiously enough, he could never conjure up their bodies.

The great Napoleon was, as is generally known, invariably attended by a star. This story was implicitly believed at the time, and it is said to have been first related by General Rapp, who, on visiting the monarch's tent at night, found Bonaparte excitedly pointing to a corner of the tent, crying: "Do you see that—my star? It is shining there before you!" At the period of the reformation wrestling with the evil one in propria persona was by no means an uncommon exercise. Luther several times indulged in these combats. Mr. Lecky tells us of the young monk who rushed up to Sts. Pachomius and Palæmon in the desert and told them excitedly of the beautiful woman who had tempted him in his cell and, "having worked her purpose," had vanished miraculously in the air, leaving him half dead upon the ground. The story goes on to say that the young monk, "with a wild shriek, broke away from his saintly listeners * * * and rushed across the desert till he arrived at the next village and there leaped into the open furnace of the public baths and perished in the flames."

Cazotte was reported to have habitually dreamed with his eyes open, so that at the dinner party when he suddenly said that he saw Condorcet, who was one of the guests, in prison and taking poison to avoid the headsman's ax nobody paid much attention. The event, however, happened within two years under the precise circumstances described.—London Standard.

The New Yorker of the present day is inclined to smile when he reads that on the Fourth of July, 1795, the parade of soldiers in that city numbered 900 men. Their route was from the Battery up Broadway to the new Presbyterian church, where the Declaration of Independence was read by Edward Livingston.

SUFFERINGS AT THE FRONT.

Terrible Scenes That Followed the Battle of Cold Harbor.

General Horace Porter, in "Campaigning With Grant," in The Century, telling of the the battle of Cold Harbor, says:

The general in chief realized that he was in a swampy and sickly portion of the country. The malaria was highly productive of disease, and the Chickahominy fever was dreaded by all the troops who had a recollection of its ravages when they campaigned in that section of the country two years before. The operations had been so active that precautions against sickness had necessarily been much neglected, and the general was anxious, while giving the men some rest, to improve the sanitary conditions. By dint of extraordinary exertions the camps were well policed and large quantities of fresh vegetables were brought forward and distributed. Cattle were received in much better condition than those which had made long marches and had furnished beef which was far from being wholesome. Greater attention was demanded in the cooking of the food and the procuring of better water. Dead animals and offal were buried, and more stringent sanitary regulations were enforced throughout the entire command.

What was most distressing at this time was the condition of affairs at the extreme front. No one who did not witness the sights on those portions of the line where the opposing troops were in exceptionally close contact can form an idea of the sufferings experienced. Staff officers used to work their way on foot daily to the advanced points, so as to be able to report with accuracy these harrowing scenes. Some of the sights were not unlike those of the "bloody angle" at Spottsylvania. Between the lines where the heavy assaults had been made there was in some places a distance of 30 or 40 yards completely covered by the dead and wounded of both sides. The bodies of dead were festering in the sun, while the wounded were dying a torturing death from starvation, thirst and loss of blood. In some places the stench became sickening. Every attempt to make a change in the picket line brought on heavy firing, as both sides had become nervous from long watchfulness, and the slightest movement on either front led to the belief that it was the beginning of an assault. In the night there was often heavy artillery firing, sometimes accompanied by musketry, with a view to deterring the other side from attacking, or occasioned by false rumors of an attempt to assault. The men on the advanced lines had to lie close to the ground in narrow trenches, with little water for drinking purposes except that obtained from surface drainage. They were subjected to the broiling heat by day and the chilling winds and fogs at night and had to eat the rations that could be got to them under the greatest imaginable discomfort.

A QUORUM OF CONGRESS.

Much Business Transacted Without One. Privileges of Representatives.

In "This Country of Ours," in The Century, ex-President Harrison gives this interesting view of the workings of congress: "A majority of each house, under the constitution, constitutes a quorum for the transaction of business. If a quorum is not present and that fact is disclosed by a yea and nay vote, business must stop until a quorum is secured. But the members present are empowered by the constitution to adjourn from day today and 'to compel the attendance of absent members, in such manner and under such penalties as each house may provide.' A great deal of business is done in both the senate and the house when a quorum is not present, the absence of a quorum not being officially disclosed by a roll call. The sergeant-at-arms is not an infrequent attendant at social receptions and dinners, but always an unwelcome one when he comes to demand the attendance of truant senators or members upon their respective houses. One-fifth of the members present may demand a vote by yeas and nays, and the vote must be recorded in the journal which each house is required to keep of its proceedings. This journal does not include the debates, which are, however, published in full daily in The Congressional Record.

"The senators and members are privileged from arrest, except for treason, felony or breach of the peace, while in attendance upon their respective houses and while going to and returning to the meetings of congress. A member may be punished by the house to which he belongs for disorderly behavior, and by a two-thirds vote of the house may be expelled."

How Hetty Green "Squared It."

A year ago I called on Hetty Green to ask about the benefactions of the richest woman in the world. "Do you give to organized charities?" I questioned.

"No, young man," the sharp old woman replied. "I give to private charities only. Some day, when I am rich enough, I shall square it all with the Lord by building a church up country where I was born." This church is now so nearly accomplished that no doubt the Lord acknowledges the "squareness" of the accounting.—Kansas City Star.

A Wrong Supposition.

"The people moved out of that house this morning, and that is the landlord just going in."

"He appears to have a great many prospective tenants."

"Prospective tenants, indeed! They are only neighbors going to see in what condition the people left the house."—London Fun.

A Long Felt Want.

"Things are looking up."

"How so?"

"Some fellow has invented a cash register for married men's trousers' pockets."—Chicago Record.

DISEASES OF TRADES.

RESULTS OF CONTINUED OCCUPATION OF MEN WHO WORK.

It Appears That Each Kind of Employment Has Its Peculiar Ailment—Both Physical and Mental Workers Fall Under the Rule—Politicians Die Early.

It is well known that there are a number of dangerous trades which give rise to serious diseases; but, as a matter of fact, almost every occupation has some ailment peculiar to itself. A doctor can always tell if his patient is a baker, for instance, by the state of his teeth. The flour dust collects on the teeth, becomes acid and gives rise to a special kind of decay. Bakers, owing to their irregular life, sleeping in the day and working at night, and because of the hot air and dust, are great victims to consumption. Blacksmiths, strong as they are, very often suffer from paralysis of the whole right side from the continuous shock of hammering, and their eyes become weak from the glare of the fire. Athletes, strange to say, do not, as a rule, enjoy long life. Professional boxers, wrestlers, gymnasts, cyclists, are short lived and suffer from enlargement of the heart and diseases of the lungs. Boilermakers get deaf from the continual loud noise. Brewers and brewers' drivers drink beer in such large quantities that they ruin their livers and generally die young. Bricklayers and plasterers are very healthy, and they are said to resemble asses in never dying. Butchers are very strong and healthy, but they suffer in health through eating little pieces of raw meat. Cabmen are noted for "nipping," and they endure the natural consequences. The cold also affects their faces to such a degree that the muscles of the face become frequently paralyzed.

Carpenters and cabinet makers are afflicted with varicose veins in the legs, and the action of the shoulder in sawing and planing produces a diseased condition of the large artery that runs from the heart to the arm, so that there is not a carpenter living, a doctor says, in whom a curious noise may not be heard by applying the ear to that blood vessel. Hardly a single china scourer lives to old age without becoming asthmatic. Clergyman's sore throat is of course well known. It is said by some to result from having the mouth open so frequently, the air going in that way and drying the throat. Others say it is caused by the clerical collar. And others still say it results from the fact that the clergyman preaches from a pulpit and has to bend his head downward—for barristers, who talk quite as much, do not suffer as much as clergymen, being on the same level as their hearers.

Miners, from working in the dark, become very irritable. Their eyes get weak, and their lungs become quite black—miners' lung. Cooks, particularly male cooks working in hotels, clubs and restaurants, get gout from continually tasting rich food, and both male and female cooks get varicose veins and flat feet from long standing as well as the well known ache of the face from the heat and dirt. Coopers have a lump on the knee, which is really a little bag of fluid put there by nature to protect the knee from the injurious effects of pressing it against the barrel. Divers' hearts become distended from holding their breath.

Domestic servants are remarkable for suffering from typhoid fever. Housemaids are frequently afflicted with poverty of blood from drinking tea and running up stairs. Dressmakers' long hours and confinement result in consumption very often, but more often in indigestion, poverty of blood and impaired eyesight. The fumes of nitric acid make goldsmiths' eyes sore, and they get cramps in their fingers from catching small screws. Nearly all the human beings who suffer from that awful disease, glanders, are grooms.

India rubber workers have very bad headaches and great mental depression. Painters are poisoned by the lead they use so much, and all their muscles, but especially their wrist muscles, become very weak. Photographers get poisoned by cyanide of potassium. The dust that enters the lungs of potters when they are sifting clay interferes so much with their breathing that "potter's asthma" is a well known disease. Compositors get cracks and fissures in the lips and small tumors in their mouths from the habit of putting type in the mouth, and consumption attacks them frequently because of the stooping posture and the confined, sedentary life. Politicians are greatest sufferers of all, the constant dram drinking giving them indigestion, jaundice and nervous diseases, killing them at an earlier age than members of any other profession. Sailors, very singularly, suffer greatly from consumption, owing to the cold and damp and the bad air of the forecastle. Salesmen and saleswomen in shops do a lot of standing, which gives them varicose veins and pains in the feet. Cloth scourers, who inhale benzine and turpentine, suffer from headache, lassitude and nervousness. Shoemakers get their chest pressed in by the last, lose their appetite and strength and have headaches. Stonecutters' eyes are often injured by the flying stone.

Tea tasters, although they only take the tea into the mouth and do not swallow it, become so nervous that they can follow their employment for only a period of eight to ten years. The sedentary life of lawyers, artists, students and literary men gives rise to gout, which is said to kill more wise men than fools; dyspepsia, which made Carlyle's life such a torture, and apoplexy, which carries off hosts of great men.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Not News.

"We heard some of the strangest, most outlandish things last night," began the woman who gossips.

"Yes," replied the woman who doesn't, "so a friend who attended your musicale was telling me."—Exchange.

ODD CHARACTERS.

Some of the People Who Seek Fame Through Uncommon Channels.

"I think if all the cranks in this country were corralled," remarked the clerk in the treasury department, "and put under a shed somewhere it would require one bigger than all the buildings at the World's fair."

"Would there really be anybody to do the corralling?" inquired a pessimistic old party, who thinks there is none good—no, not one.

"As I was saying," continued the treasury clerk, "it would take the biggest shed on earth, and still there is a new kind. This time it is a man or woman who has been sending in 10 cents at a time as a contribution to the conscience fund, with a name signed in full, and there is no such name on the treasury books and never has been. I suppose it is merely some crank who thinks he or she will get that name in the papers and have that much fame out of it."

"That's silly enough," chipped in a postoffice inspector, "but I heard of the oddest chap on my last trip down south. You may not know, or, if you do, don't pay much attention to the fact, that there is a fine of $10 for sending written matter through the mails under any rate except 2 cents an ounce. Very likely you have sent enough stuff written on papers, books and so on to bankrupt you if you had the fines to pay, but Uncle Sam is easy, and I don't know of a case where anybody ever had to pay the fine. In this instance a man came into a certain office down south and gave the postmaster $500, being the amount of fines he owed the government for violation of postage laws as far as he could recall them. He was a young man, and he stated that he had violated the law while in love with a girl to whom he sent papers and books occasionally, and, though he wrote to her every day, he couldn't let the others go without writing something on them. The postmaster didn't know how to act in the premises, and just what he would have done finally nobody knows, but the next day the young man's father came to the postmaster and told him that his son had been jilted by his sweetheart, and it had crazed him. This was an explanation which satisfied the official, and the money was returned."

"Ugh!" grunted the pessimistic old party, in no wise affected by the pathos of the little story. "Only a crazy person or an idiot would ever think of settling square with Uncle Sam for a little bunko game like that."—Washington Star.

MARCH HAS ITS VIOLETS.

And There Is a Bright and Cheerful Side to Everything.

Edward W. Bok, under the title of "The Odor of Spring Violets," writes most forcibly in The Ladies' Home Journal on the theme that there is a bright side to everything—even to March, the most disagreeable month of the year, for it has its spring violets. "It is true," he writes, "that it is difficult sometimes to see the bright side of sorrow, sickness and death. And yet there is distinctly a bright side. No sorrow comes to us without a reason. We never know our friends until sorrow or illness comes to us. We never know what loving kindness and thoughtfulness mean until we stand in need of them, and our hearts seem to beat against the walls of a cold, merciless world. We learn something from every grief and from each pain which comes to us. We learn to distinguish between friends, and what more priceless possession is there in the whole range of knowledge than this? What develops us more than trouble? Virtues of heart, which we never dreamed of as existing within us, reveal themselves when we are sorely tried. That is why sorrow and trials are given us—not to give pain, but to develop us, to better equip us for something unknown which lies in the future, and which we could not meet or understand unless we had first gone through certain experiences.

"We are far too apt to regard actual blessings as calamities, to look upon the dark side of things. Some sorrow comes to us, and we rebel. It never occurs to us that perhaps we need the experience which sorrow alone can give. Illness comes, and we fret. But we cannot always be well. Ailments are very often given to us to make our appreciation of good health the keener. God has an aim, a direct purpose, in everything he does. His blessings come in different forms. Nor are these forms always such as we would choose. Lessons can be more effectively taught in innumerable cases through sorrow than through pleasure. We should never know what a pure, beautiful color white is if we did not have black to bring out the contrast. We want only pleasure in our lives. When sorrow comes, we rebel and refuse to recognize it for what it so often is—a blessing in disguise. We cannot always have it June. There must be March. Yet March has its spring violets."

The King's Joke.

King of the Fijis—Say, Arabella, I've discovered a fine new dish for our bill of fare.

Arabella—How do you make it?

King of the Fijis—We put a Chicago man and a Boston man in the pot together.

Arabella—What do you call that?

King of the Fijis—Why, pork and beans of course.—New York Journal.

Food and Drink Consumed In a Lifetime.

The average man takes 5½ pounds of food and drink each day, amounting to a ton of solid and liquid nourishment annually. In 70 years he eats and drinks 1,000 times his own weight.—Ladies' Home Journal.

A horse is more liable to scare with than without blinders. He is seldom afraid of what he can fairly see.

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ICE CAVES.

In California With Their Product as Clear as Crystal.

In Modoc county, Cal., is an immense field of lava covered with a beautiful forest of conifers, which is inhabited by deer, bear, panther, lynx, coyote, porcupine and numerous fur bearing animals whose pelts are of value to the trapper. It was in these lava beds that the Modoc Indians made their stand against the government troops some years ago and were with very great difficulty destroyed. It is here that the ice caves are found, and from them the Modocs drew their water supply while besieged by the troops.

One never having been over a lava field can form but little idea of the chaotic manner in which the ingenious workmen have left the products of their labor. The only order observed is disorder of the most exaggerated kind, wherein every mass of rock has been twisted or raised or depressed or arched over some cavern in a different way from that of its neighbors. The caves scattered throughout these lava beds are of very varying shapes and dimensions. Some are mere covert ways, with an arch of stone thrown over them. Others are immense chambers some yards from the surface, another kind is sunk quite deeply and may be in a series of chambers united by a corridor that opens at the surface, while another kind seems to go directly to the center of the earth without stopping.

It is here that the stores of ice are found, which is formed from water that filters in annually from the melting snows above. Every winter the lava beds are covered with a fall of snow which varies from two to ten feet in depth. The temperature over this region in the coldest weather is often 20 or more degrees below zero, so that any water that might be in the caves is frozen solid, unless the caves' mouths should be entirely covered with snow, which is not often the case. Now, when spring comes and the snow melts, the water percolates through into the cold storage chambers beneath and is there congealed by the prevailing cold. It is in this way that the ice has been made and stored for years. And were these caves accessible to market they would furnish the purest of ice to many cities for years to come.—Popular Science News.

ST. PAUL'S ROCKS.

A Submarine Mountain In the Middle of the Atlantic Ocean.

Almost at the very center of the Atlantic ocean—only a trifle north of the equator and about half way between South America and Africa—is a submarine mountain so high that, in spite of the immense depth of the sea, it thrusts its peak 70 feet above the waves. This peak, startling from its position, forms a labyrinth of islets, the whole not over half a mile in circumference, known as St. Paul's rocks. So steep is the mountain, of which this lonely resting place of sea birds is the summit, that one mile from these rocks a 500 fathom line with which soundings were attempted by Ross on his voyage to the Antarctic failed to touch bottom.

Were the bed of the sea to be suddenly elevated to a level with the dry land, St. Paul's rocks would be the cloud capped peak of a mountain rising in sheer ascent in the midst of a broad plain. They are supposed to have been formed by the same disturbance of nature which separated the Cape Verde islands from Africa.

Treacherous currents make navigation in the vicinity of these rocks dangerous. A Brazilian naval officer, who passed them on an English steamer, tells me that the evening before they expected to sight them he was told by the captain that at 5 o'clock in the morning they would appear about five miles west. At that hour the officer went on deck and looked to the westward—nothing but an expanse of heaving sea. He chanced to turn, and there, five miles to the eastward were—the rocks. The currents had, in less than 12 hours, carried a full powered steamer ten miles out of her course.—Gustav Kobbe in St. Nicholas.

Manning and the Jesuits.

Edmund S. Purcell, who wrote the biography of Cardinal Manning that was so widely discussed and in some quarters condemned, wrote a paper for The Nineteenth Century entitled "On the Ethics of Suppression In Biography," in which he makes an interesting statement concerning Manning's relations to the Jesuits:

Cardinal Manning could not endure—it was not in his nature—to be looked upon by the Jesuits as an "enemy of vital godliness." They fell under his ban. Metaphorically he "cursed them with bell, book and candle." In a laughing fashion their retort came quick:

Cardinals may come, cardinals may go,
But we go on forever.

Cardinal Manning, as is known of all men, regarded the suppression of the Society of Jesus in 1773 as the work of God's hand. He likewise looked upon its restoration in 1827 as God's work. But his abiding hostility to the Jesuits, based, as he declared, on their corporate action in England and Rome, was testified by the prediction which he uttered on various occasions, "I foresee another 1773."

THE PAPER'S VALEDICTORY.

A "Farewell" Issue That Read Like an Oracle to Survivors.

Several years ago I was the Omaha Republican's correspondent in Lincoln, Neb., the state capital, when the paper changed hands. The new proprietor had a policy in two words, "Reduce salaries!" In a few months he was himself reduced to the point where he couldn't pay any salary. He asked me to come to Omaha and take the editorship at the salary I was receiving as reporter. He would cut my salary in two if I remained in Lincoln. I accepted reluctantly. It was only a question of a few weeks when the paper would have to suspend, and there was little honor or profit in guiding the wreck.

For three weeks we managed to get along somehow, and then the proprietor went into retirement. The Republican had the Associated Press franchise and had presses and material worth $30,000. It had about 8,000 paid subscribers. I had tried to get somebody to buy it, and, in the hope that somebody would, we continued to get the paper out. At last the printers announced that they would not work any longer. I prevailed upon them to work that night, and they agreed to help get out a farewell issue. It was a unique specimen. For weeks Mr. Rosewater, the proprietor of The Bee, and Mr. Hitchcock, the proprietor of The World-Herald, had been waiting for The Republican's demise with eager expectation. They knew we had been endeavoring to sell the paper to outside parties, and I determined to give them a scare.

In an editorial recounting the vicissitudes through which The Republican had passed I said that at last the paper's troubles had come to an end, and they had. For some weeks, the editorial went on to say, the future of The Republican had been problematic, but now the suspense was over. We knew exactly what was in store for the paper, and we did. For our contemporaries there might be rivalries and annoyances, but for The Republican all that was past, and it was.

I learned afterward that there was consternation in The Bee and World-Herald offices the next day and that it was not until the second night, when everybody knew the old Republican had gone under, that our contemporaries were reassured.—New York Mail and Express.

Simple Remedies.

For a cold in the face apply to the gum a piece of cotton wet with a mixture of laudanum and camphor, using two parts laudanum to one part camphor.

For threatened inflammation of the stomach take half a loaf of stale bread, wet with hot water, and sprinkle thickly with ground ginger. Apply to the stomach while waiting for the doctor's visit.

For a cold on the chest there is no better specific for most persons than well boiled or roasted onions, both for a cough and for the clogging of the bronchial tubes, which is usually the cause of the cough. If eaten freely at the outset of a cold, they will break up even a serious attack.

How to Breathe.—All children should be taught to breathe through the nose and to keep the mouth tightly closed. Many disease germs enter through the open mouth, while, if the mouth is kept closed, the air becomes purified while passing through the long, moist passages and tempered for the lungs.—Philadelphia Record.

Took Out the Starch.

William E. Curtis, the newspaper correspondent, tells the following story of a Washington colored woman: "The wife of a naval officer in this city, whose husband has just returned from a long cruise, is fixing up her home here and sent her lace curtains to a colored woman to be 'done up.' The 'washlady' returned them on the day agreed upon, but apologized because they were so 'limpsey' and offered to do them over again if she were allowed a few days' time. 'I had 'em jus' as stiff as you like, honey,' she remarked to the naval officer's wife, 'but my husband's niece by his fust wife died jus' at the time I got 'em ironed, and nuthin'll take the starch out of things so much as a corpse in a house.'" Another trial was given her.

A Wonderful Mathematician.

Zerah Colburn, born in 1804, was the most remarkable natural mathematician every known. He was able to raise 8 to the sixteenth power, this comprising 15 figures, and was right in every particular. Once he was requested to name the factors which produced the number 247,483 and immediately gave the correct answer. He was asked the square root of 106,929, and before the figures could be written down he gave the answer.

Chew for a few moments a cracker containing no sugar and notice how sweet it becomes. This is the sugar into which your saliva has converted the starch of the cracker.

When a dentist in China is pulling a tooth for a patron, an assistant hammers on a gong to drown the cries of the victim.

It is just as well to know that ophelia, a new color, is a pale mauve.

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CHICAGO, MARCH 20, 1897.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle-sts.—Mr. E. S. Willard.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"Shamus O'Brien."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Whitney Opera Co. in "Brian Boru."

GREAT NORTHERN THEATRE.
Jackson street, between Dearborn and State—Camille D'Arville.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Frank Daniel's Opera Company.

CLIFFORD'S GAIETY THEATRE.
Washington-st., between Clark and LaSalle—"Little Miss Chicago."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—Vaudeville.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Variety.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st, between Halsted and Union—Vaudeville.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway.
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

RETURNING TO THE ARBITRATION VOMIT.

Another great effort is about to be made in the United States Senate to have the Anglo-American arbitration treaty adopted. We sincerely hope it will be defeated. It is given out by the associated press, operating from Washington, that the original bill has been amended until it is "innocuous." May we ask, what then is the use of passing a bill at all? Why are some senators, and others of even higher official rank, so ready to foist this odious treaty upon the country? They say the country favors it. As a matter of fact, the country is not informed upon the subject. Wherever it is informed it is hostile. Recently, in the city of New York, Seth Lowe, Bishop Potter, and other doctrinaires, held a meeting in support of the arbitration treaty, and a set of indorsing resolutions was introduced. Judge Wauhope Lynn interposed an objection, made a brilliant opposition speech, and the indorsing resolutions were actually voted down, although the chairman, as a matter of course, declared them carried. In the course of his remarks, Judge Lynn said:

"As one of the judges of your city courts I have listened to your speakers and joined with them in their desire to avoid war. I have felt that no greater disaster could befall our great land than that of war. But I have also felt that before the adoption of these resolutions we should hesitate and pause. Who seeks this arbitration? Is it a country which has lived up to its treaties? That same country rejected the appeal of our American forefathers for arbitration and declared war. It basely violated a treaty in the war of 1812 and in 1815.

"Tonight, the Greeks at Crete are defending their liberties with the muzzles of England's guns pointed at them. The same country that now seeks this treaty did, when the honor of this country was at stake and civil war was in our midst, raise troops and commission ships to violate the treaty with us. This great city of New York is against this treaty. I desire the elevation of patriotism against the depreciation of securities. I wish to perpetuate that spirit which stood behind the guns at Lexington. I ask to keep alive the spirit which animated the men of Bunker Hill. I wish to keep alive the memory of Gen. Jackson and New Orleans, of the great heroes who have preserved our liberties inviolate. 'Peace! Peace!' they cry. But look at the great Patrick Henry before the assembly of Virginia 'Peace, peace, peace—there is no peace with this robber nation, England!'

"What! Make a treaty with a government that has permitted the slaughter of hundreds of thousands of Armenians. We are a peaceful nation, but will always maintain with arms what we have won. We seek no war, but, in the words of Washington, who has not been mentioned here tonight, 'We seek no entangling alliances with foreign nations.'

"I propose to express my Americanism in this meeting and before one of the best American citizens we have—President Lowe of the Columbia university—a man who has done more to make this proud city what she is than any of her sons. I desire to stir in him the spirit of his fathers."

Judge Lynn voiced the true sentiment of thinking Americans—Washingtonian, Jeffersonian and Jacksonian Americans, who are proud of their country and her traditions. These latter are professedly offensive to the English and their partisans in this country, which is a good reason why all patriotic Americans should cherish them. Now is the time for all who dread foreign influence in this country to stand together and fight the arbitration treaty at every point. The Senate found the measure an emetic in the last session. Let it not return to the result of that emetic in this.

ENGLISH ILL FEELING TOWARD AMERICANS.

Julian Ralph, the well known American correspondent, has discovered that some of the English "Cousin Jacks" do not take as kindly to Yankee killing of "niggers" as they do to English butchering of the same class of unfortunates. When Americans, Frenchmen, Russians or others who are not British kill savages, even in self defense, the English press calls it murder; but when Englishmen do the same thing, either in self defense or the reverse, the bloody work is always placed to the credit of "progress" and "necessity." It takes the average Yankee longer to see through British motives than it does for a Scotchman to comprehend a joke, and a residence in London is often necessary to clear the mist from the American brain. So long as the Yankee praises everything English and runs down everything American, like Bayard; or acquiesces in all British means and methods of acquiring territory, he is tolerated, petted and even occasionally flattered, but the very moment he runs counter to English opinion in anything, he becomes a "d—d Yankee peddler," or something of that kind.

We are not, therefore, astonished to find that the adventurous American author and scientist, Dr. J. Donaldson Smith, has come in for a sound rapping from the London Daily Chronicle, which has savagely criticised his graphic book, recently published, entitled, "Through Unknown African Countries."

Mr. Ralph states that the Chronicle's criticism is headed, "Don't Hesitate to Shoot," and adds:

"The whole review is contemptuous and sarcastic, and filled with innuendoes against America. The reviewer says all the question as to how far an unofficial traveler, animated merely by curiosity, is justified in killing men who object to his presence is one that deserves the attention of parliament and the press. No one petitioned this American gentleman to travel overland from the Gulf of Aden to the Indian Ocean. His presence, therefore, in a place accessible only after the destruction of human life is of doubtful benefit for humanity.

"'We have no space to quote in detail a description of his fight with the Arbore tribe. It leaves an unpleasant impression. Translated into plain English, it means that the Yankee traveler and his men, equipped with credentials and knowledge supplied by a British learned society and an English consul, killed naked men before they were attacked, and emerged from the fight without a scratch.'

"There is more of this sort of criticism, and then the writer takes up cudgels of canting, pharisaical hysteria on behalf of wild animals, saying that humanity revolts against the senseless trail of skeletons that whitens Dr. Smith's journey from Berbera to Vitu. The final scream of this fevered critic is as follows:

"'If the journey never had been undertaken many men and beasts now dead would have survived.'

"Passing over the unfriendly, labored lugging in of the words "American" and "Yankee" which emphasize how thoroughly a year of Bayard has undone the good work of the Venezuela message, I will merely discuss the methods of this criticism of Smith's book. I read the book and closed it with admiration for the plucky explorer, who made scientific work his first care and brought back to England and America a most noteworthy collection of untrained animals, birds, reptiles, fishes, and insects, as well as remarkable bric-a-brac from half a dozen unknown or little known peoples. To do this he took his life constantly in his hands against deadly diseases and deadlier savages.

"The worst that can be said of Smith is that he shows he possesses all the pluck of those individual English sportsmen, explorers, missionaries, naturalists and scientists who led the way for these English troops who made bloody war on tiny tribes of red and black naked men all over the world solely to satisfy England's greed for territorial expansion. It comes with bad grace for an Englishman to criticise Smith."

Of course, the lesson of the Venezuelan episode has been forgotten. How could it be otherwise? The disgusting toadyism of the ignoble Bayard must have given the English an additionally mean opinion of our national character; and the clamoring of our "philanthropic" idiots on this side of the Atlantic for an arbitration treaty with England, as if we were in need of such a measure to protect us from being assaulted, must have made John Bull think we are a nation of poltroons or imbeciles. But will Bayard's successor be much better than he was? Can anybody name a manly able American minister or ambassador to England since the days of Mr. Welch of Philadelphia? We cannot. The criticism of the Englishman is bitter, but he cannot be blamed. He is, at least, not a hypocrite and voices the true sentiment of his country in regard to the United States.

INGALLS PREFERS WORK TO OFFICE BEGGING.

The somewhat rare spectacle of an ex-United States Senator performing reportorial work for a daily newspaper of Gotham has provoked the wits, and witlesses, of the press to indulge in some heavy humor at the expense of the Hon. John J. Ingalls, of Kansas, who, by the way, is a hard man to poke fun at, as Dan Voorhees once found out to his exceeding great cost. Mr. Ingalls is a live American, racy of this free soil, and filled with the hottest "ginger" of revolutionary ancestry. He is a national American from his heels to his crown, and it is a great pity that Kansas did not have the common Christian decency to keep such a man in the high council of the nation. Ingalls, although a partisan, was always a patriot above all else, and his retirement from political power was a blow to the effectiveness of senatorial legislation. The various criticisms recently levelled at him have induced Mr. Ingalls to come out with the following characteristic statement:

ATCHISON, Kas., March 13.—Concerning the chaffing of the press at his present occupation, ex-Senator John J. Ingalls, who left for Carson today to write up the prize fight, said:

"I suppose if I had gone into the hospital for political incurables after my defeat, and had hung around Washington, haunting the White House and the departments, importuning friends for indorsements, and begging for some place at home or abroad where I could have been supported from the public treasury, it would have been considered as dignified and in accordance with usage and precedent. Like everybody else in these hard times, I have suffered heavy losses in shrinkage of values and diminished income, and am compelled to earn a living by daily toil. I am grateful for the opportunity of getting my bread by reputable employment, upon the lyceum platform and in journalism, which affords reasonable compensation with no sacrifice of personal independence. Employment in the public service is open to me, but I prefer freedom, even when accompanied by the fatigue of long journeys and the hardships and privation of travel, to the bondage and servitude of any position that does not come directly from the people.

"Benjamin Harrison writes for the Ladies' Home Journal, and I can conceive of no impropriety in my writing for the New York Journal, or any other periodical, upon any subject of human interest that does not require the sale of my opinions or the sacrifice of my individual judgment. The administration of President McKinley will have my active and cordial support, and when the next occasion comes I shall omit no effort to secure Republican ascendency in Kansas and the redemption of the State from imbecile misrule and degradation."

Mr. Ingalls certainly has suffered no loss of dignity by enlisting as a member of the honorable profession which has given to the world Russell, McGahan, O'Shea, Burnaby, Stanley, O'Kelly, Forbes, Cameron, Powers, O'Donovan and other world-renowned correspondents, some of whom gave up their lives in pursuance of their arduous duties. There is little of dignity in a prize fight itself, but a true newspaper man—one "to the manor born"—never questions the character of his assignment. He obeys the orders of his chief as loyally and uncomplainingly as a soldier, and, if he does not, he will never make a success as a journalist. The incisive pen of Ingalls will dissect the "ethics" of prize fighting the more thoroughly from personal observation of the brutal and disgusting business. We may look for the best report of the savage encounter between Corbett and Fitzsimmons from the narrative of the ex-Senator, who is a master of vigorous English.

The only drawback to Mr. Ingalls' pleasure in describing the fistic battle will be the palpability of the political atmosphere that is sure to surround the prize ring at Carson. He will be reminded of some of the odious personal experiences of every man who has ever had to stand before the beloved public as a candidate for office. He will see there many of the makers of senators, representatives, mayors, governors, aye, and of presidents. Yes, loud vulgarity, offensive familiarity, effusive profanity, shameless rapacity and brutal indifference to human degradation, moral and physical, will all be present around that pugilistic centre of disturbance, where two muscular mercenaries will pound themselves mutually out of shape for worthless applause and polluted dollars. Certain of the characteristics of the Washington political lobby will not be lacking at Carson.

We quite agree with Mr. Ingalls that hanging around the national capital, waiting for a job, is neither a dignified nor a profitable proceeding. President McKinley knows all about Mr. Ingalls, and no amount of petitions in his behalf could additionally convince the executive as to the merits of the brilliant gentleman from the banks of the Kaw. We think the president, in the matter of appointments, should rely more upon his own judgment than on the representations of interested delegations. Our politics, national, state and local, is cursed by the present system of machine distribution of offices. Men of real merit, and of political genius and statesmanlike accomplishments, who, like Mr. Ingalls, are too proud to beg for favors, are constantly shoved aside by the noisy, the superficial and the importunate, backed by the professional political blood-suckers of the country. Men "who can be used" are much more popular with the political machinists than men of independent character like Mr. Ingalls. Fancy the ex-senator compelled, if he were seeking appointment, to humiliate himself by asking the indorsement of the boss "heeler" of his particular ward! and this is what the existing system means. No wonder our public servants are deteriorating. We used to have giants managing our public affairs. Now, with a very few exceptions, we are governed by pigmies.

A WONDERFUL OLD MAN.

Uncle Jimmie Lane, of this city, completed his one hundred and first year on the 16th inst., having been born in Ireland, March 16, 1796. He is still in vigorous health, and, if he survives until Jan. 1, 1901, he will have lived in the eighteenth, nineteenth and twentieth centuries. We believe the Countess of Desmond and Old Parr were the only two human beings who existed during portions of three centuries. Mr. Lane was three years old when George Washington died, and 18 when the battle of Waterloo decided the fate of the great Napoleon. He came to America when he was 36 years of age, and arrived in Chicago two years after the village was incorporated. He resides with his daughter, Mrs. Louis Haas, on Lane Place, which is named after him. Another daughter is the wife of Capt. John J. Healy. The patriarch visited a number of old friends on St. Patrick's Day—a custom he has observed in this city for 65 years. We heartily congratulate the old gentleman on his fit survival, and hope he may live far into the next century.

MISFORTUNES OF THE PARNELL FAMILY.

The Parnell family would seem, if cable dispatches from London are reliable, to be "hoodooed." Old Mrs. Parnell is accused of "indiscriminate giving" by her son, John Howard, and another account says that Avondale, the Parnell homestead estate, is mortgaged almost to its full value. In fact, the old lady is said to occupy it by favor of the bankruptcy court, and out of "her pension of $500 a year from the United States government" (?) she has to support her daughter, Mrs. Dickinson, and her son before mentioned, who is a member of parliament and said to be destitute of the genius which distinguished his famous brother. He owns property in Armagh as well as in Wicklow, but draws little or no rent from any of his tenants, owing to the revolution mainly effected by Charles S. Parnell in the Irish agrarian system. So low has his income fallen that he is at present unable to pay the interest on the mortgage which encumbers the Avondale estate. This property is mortgaged to the Hibernian bank for $55,000, of which more than half accrued through a debt put upon it by the late Irish leader for the development of quarries on the estate in order to give employment to a large number of laborers. The rest, $25,000, was spent for political purposes, and for it Parnell pledged his personal credit at the bank. A subscription recently started has had but feeble success—only about $1,500 having been raised. The principal contributors were Mrs. William O'Brien, Archbishop Croke, Archbishop Walsh and John Dillon. Commenting on this lame and impotent outcome of an appeal to the Irish people, the cable correspondent says:

"The contrast between the state of the Nationalist feeling now and at the zenith of Parnell's fame is strikingly illustrated by the failure of this appeal. In three months in 1885 the Irish people raised a testimonial of $200,000 for Parnell, even in the face of the specific denunciations of the Pope. This sum was devoted by Parnell partly to paying off a mortgage of $75,000 on Avondale, the bulk of the remainder being applied by him to paying the debts of and providing for his mother and sisters, while about $25,000 was lost by him in the pursuit of the chimera that gold could be extracted in paying quantities from the mountains of his native county.

"Mrs. Parnell, his widow, lives at Brighton, but she is dependent upon an allowance by her daughters, the Misses O'Shea, who reside with her.

"There has never been any communication between Mrs. Parnell and the relatives of her late husband, who have never forgotten or forgiven her for the unfortunate part she played in destroying his career."

This, certainly, is a sad downfall for a family that has been distinguished in Ireland and America during three generations—always on the side of liberty. The late Mr. Parnell, although one of the ablest statesmen of his time, was not expert as a financier. He cared nothing for money, only in so far as it gave him independence to work for the good of Ireland according to his lights. When the Irish people subscribed the fund for his benefit, they put armor upon him to do battle for his country, and no man performed his duty more faithfully. His fall, defeat and death will ever occupy the very saddest chapter in modern Irish history.

SCOTLAND YARD AT ITS DIRTY WORK AGAIN.

Mr. John P. Sutton, ex-secretary of the Irish National Alliance, has again been made the victim of a dastardly insult by the agents of Scotland Yard in this country. They pursue him with a fiendish malignity. We have received from Mr. Sutton a letter dated Lincoln, Neb., March 15, in which he says:

"I enclose you a letter with its contents which is a sequel to the previous attempt of Scotland Yard to buy such information as I possess concerning Irish affairs. Some time ago, I got a copy of the Irish Republic giving an account of the previous attempt and the address of Commissioner Anderson, therein contained, was marked in blue pencil."

The note (type written) to which was attached a fifty dollar silver United States treasury bill, marked and numbered "E, 263,939 E," was as follows:

"I wrote you a year ago, and I think you behaved foolishly for your own interests. I now write again to say I would be glad to hear from you and will, of course, treat all you say as strictly confidential. Better merely sign the letter John, but say where I will address my reply to. You can write frankly. I will have this mailed in New York for safety. Take my advice and keep this business to yourself. You had the address on the envelope sent you last time to whom you can write. A man does not often have two chances in his life, as you are having.

"The enclosure (meaning the $50 bill) is a proof of good faith."

Feb. 26, '97.

There is no signature to the note, but the outer envelope is addressed "Mr. John P. Sutton, 344 North Twentieth street, Lincoln, Neb." It is stamped, "New York, N. Y., March 12, 5 p. m." The inner envelope, which contained the "enclosure" is simply addressed, type-written, as is also the other, "Mr. John P. Sutton" and is marked "Private."

Our readers will perceive by the foregoing that Scotland Yard is again at its dirty work in this country, and Scotland Yard truly represents the interest the British government takes in American affairs. Yet this is the highly moral nation—this sneaking corruptionist called Great Britain—which some of our humane and enlightened statesmen invite to become our ally by a permanent arbitration agreement! It is singular that the American people, usually so clear-sighted, cannot see through England's designs. A "Christian" power that backs the barbarous Turk against terrorized Christians, and that seeks to corrupt American citizens with blood-money bribes, is a nice kind of prospective ally for America.

THE CITIZEN has returned to Mr. Sutton, per registered mail, the Scotland Yard envelopes and their filthy "enclosure," with the recommendation that he send the whole business to the chief officers of the Irish National Alliance, who will know how to deal with the English ruffians who have so grossly insulted an able and honest Irish-American.

ANGLOMANIACS OF YE OLDEN TIME.

As this seems to be another age of England-worshiping in the United States, we reproduce with pleasure the following article on Anglomaniacism taken from the New York Corrector of 1815—the year of the battle of New Orleans—which might almost as well have been written today:

"It is not only astonishing, but really humiliating, to observe with what veneration a certain class of our good citizens look upon everything of British birth or British origin; and with what sickly affectation and parricidal contempt they speak of their own country, its powers, its products, its government, its manners and its institutions. This is neither the effect of ambition, of power, of honest prejudice, nor of party heat. It results from innate and conscious littleness. It is the oblation of a low, groveling and sycophantic spirit—of a mind that shrinks from independence and gravitates to tyranny, as atoms to the centre. It must not be disguised that there is another class more numerous and more respectable, possessed of talents if not of integrity, and of influence if not of patriotism—professedly attached to their mother country, its interests and its honor, who nevertheless, seem to look up to the English with a kind of awful reverence; a sort of bewildered admiration—as the source of all that is sublime and beautiful on earth.

"From whence arises this strange attachment? Is it to be traced to those alluring and amiable qualities that base and constitute the character of an Englishman?? That inflated arrogance; that assumption of excellence; that boast of power, which admits of no equal and allows of no competition; that insolent but affected contempt for other governments and other countries; that impotent but imposing attitude; that nerveless but dictatorial spirit—in short, that boasted and exclusive perfection in arts and in arms, in morals and in manners. Or does it arise from their superior observance of religious duties? Is our admiration excited by that false and affected piety—that hypocritical devotion which, amid lust and rapine, murders, massacres and conflagrations, sacrilegeously appeals to the cross and assumes at once the control and defense of the Christian world? Are these the captivating traits that dazzle our countrymen? Are these the alluring qualities that banish from our breasts that love of country, that spirit of independence, that self-respect and all those local affections which nature has implanted alike in the Indian and the Arab? Or does the remembrance of the maternal solicitude and protection of England during our filial vassalage inspire us with this unbounded admiration? Is the debt of gratitude for the support of our infancy, and for the manifold blessings bestowed upon us in our riper years, never to be discharged?

"Is our love excited by the recollection of her affectionate embraces at Lexington—her more than maternal fondness in arming the merciless savages and pouring them upon our defenseless women and children—her employment of the mercenary barbarians of Germany and the refuse of her own kingdom to ravage our coasts, to burn our cities and to carry fire and sword into the heart of our peaceful country—in short to rob us of our property and freedom, and to reduce us to a state of servile dependence, of base and unconditional submission? Does the recollection of these things—does her own history, or the history of our revolution—fill us with this immeasurable respect?

"Or, must we descend to her more recent achievements, and attribute it to her total disregard of the laws of nations, and of those principles that govern the civilized world—to the spoliations of our commerce and the impressment of our seamen; to the murder of Pierce; to the base and cowardly attack upon the Chesapeake; to the inhuman treatment of American prisoners; to the petty pillage and wanton destruction of private property at Havre-de-Grace; to the shocking outrages at Hampton; to the burning of the Capitol; to the horrid mutilations and massacres of our defenseless inhabitants by her Scotch ruffians and savage allies, and, lastly, to that dastard cruelty, that characteristic baseness, that bloodthirsty disposition displayed in the late murders at Dartmoor prison?"

The term "mercenary barbarians of Germany" applies only to the unfortunate male inhabitants of the Hesses, who were sold by their princes, at so much a day, to any foreign power that might need their services. Von Steuben and DeKalb were illustrious Germans who fought for American liberty. DeKalb died for it at Camden. Frederick the Great, as is well known, refused to allow the Hessians to march through Prussian territory, while they were en route "to cut the throats of the Americans."

It would seem also from the foregoing caustic article that our Scotch fellow citizens were not held in very high repute in this land of freedom in A. D. 1815. "Scotch ruffians!" This is truly strong language, about as strong as Jefferson used in the original draft of the Declaration of Independence, when he alluded to the "Scotch and other mercenaries" sent against us by George III. So, it is evident, every race has its period of disgrace in America. But there was, at least, one Scotch friend of liberty that America can truly honor—the gallant and immortal Paul Jones.

THE independent city ticket in full is: For Mayor, Washington Hesing; for Treasurer, Charles F. Gunther; for Clerk, John T. Dickinson; for Attorney, Walpole Wood.

MR. MILES J. DEVINE, candidate for city attorney on the Democratic ticket, is a fine specimen of physical and mental vigor. He has a good reputation as a lawyer, and counts his friends in all political parties by the thousand. He is a nephew of the late deeply lamented Very Rev. P. J. Conway, for many years Vicar-General of this diocese.

IT seems to us that the daily newspapers which print solemn, censorious editorials relative to the guilt and grossness of prize fighting, would more deeply convince the public of their sincerity if they refrained from publishing exhaustive accounts of the brutal business. American public taste must have fallen to a pretty low standard when the sayings and doings of a couple of mercenary bruisers occupy whole pages of the "great dailies."

JOHN M. HARLAN seems to be going it alone in the race for Mayor. But he keeps his teeth hard set, and is making the best time possible under the circumstances.

JUDGE SEARS, Republican candidate for Mayor, is making more speeches than all the other candidates combined. He evidently believes in the efficacy of lung power.

CARTER H. HARRISON II. borrows comfort from the fact that his candidacy for the Mayoralty is opposed by every daily paper in Chicago except one. This was exactly what happened, he says, in his father's case, and everybody knows the result. Mr. Harrison is certainly making a very lively campaign.

WASHINGTON HESING and Charles F. Gunther, as candidates for Mayor and City Treasurer respectively, are giving the regular nominees a pile of uneasiness, especially since Wash resigned the Postmastership.

WELL, Corbett got "licked." He couldn't have better luck for desecrating St. Patrick's day by a pugilistic encounter. Fitzsimmons is about as Irish as Corbett, but, because he won, they are calling him "the Englishman." Who ever heard of a John Bull named Fitzsimmons? The English, as at Waterloo, have always to borrow an Irishman when they want to gain victories.

THE APES OF ANPEAN,

A Poetical Portrayal of A. P. Aism, by E. F. O'RIORDAN, 1216 Unity Building, Chicago. Sample Copies 10 cents.

Agents wanted.

TO A BLACKTHORN.

(Dedicated to R. V. Johnson.)

You're welcome to my hand my fine
blackthorn,
That grew in beauty under Erin's
skies,
Your blossom sweet on many a bright
May morn
Gave added fragrance to the summer's
sighs;
Upon your branch the brown robed lin-
net sang,
The goldfinch chattered merrily his
lay,
And at your feet the primrose joyous
sprang
To welcome your sweet blossom's
falling spray.

It moves the fount of memory to tears
To think this fine "kippeen" had
root upon
That Irish hillside, where my boyhood's
years
In careless glee and innocence sped
on!
I hear the lark with pulsing waves of
song,
Sweet herald of the dawn that knew
no care;
Across the gulf of Time again I long
To feel the rapture of that matin
prayer.

And when they cut you down, my fine
blackthorn,
They "saysoned" you, like bacon, in
the smoke
Above the amble hob, where night and
morn
The turf fire gave you heart and
strength of oak;
And 'round the fire I hear the welcome
cheer
That gushed in limpid music from
the heart
As neighbor entered with, "God save
all here,"
And "Banact-lat," as he would slow
depart.

You're welcome to my hand, for like
the rod
At Moses' touch bloomed in the des-
ert wild,
I see again dear Erin's verdant sod
And every flower that on her bosom
smiled.
Sure you were nourished by the same
soft rain,
Your veins were warmed by the same
bright sun,
And so at your kind touch I live again
The joyous hours with which life's
morn begun.

WM. J. DAWSON.

CENTRALIZATION OF WEALTH.

[To the Editor.]

I am pleased to observe that the liberalism which incites THE CITIZEN to champion the cause of the Irish race is also broad enough to condemn the insiduous attempts of plutocracy, to undermine the safeguard of American liberty. The vulgar display of wealth extracted from the masses through unequal taxation and corporative influences is crystalizing one class of the people into sycophants and another into desperadoes. The benefits derived from a high tariff were principally absorbed by manufacturers who, while maintaining a non-competitive price on commodities were flooding the country with cheap labor, which increased competition and destroyed the purchasing power of labor. The lowest classes of the least civilized nations were trained to compete with the highest type of modern craftsmen until the wealth of the working classes was centralized in the hands of millionaires and the governing power of the country made subject to their dictation, creating a system which has made the rich richer and the poor poorer. Poverty and ignorance are stalking through the land and have become as menacing to wealth as it is destructive of true liberty. But although liberty may be crushed for a time it can never be suppressed. Arrogance and supercilious pride pave the way for their own destruction at the hands of an aggrieved people and by reaction lead to the creation of laws restricting class privileges.

The vice of acquisitiveness, laxity of laws and easy control of the ignorant have combined to produce conditions bordering rapidly on anarchy. Sullen murmurings, envy and discontent fill the hearts of the masses who are made eye-witnesses of ostentatious display and the millions of dollars which are lavishingly spent in the purchasing of foreign titles. Today, the fabric of the United States political system is resting on a pivot. Through supineness, ignorance, apathy and corruption, wealth has obtained the ascendancy and poverty reached the limit of its forbearance. Every city in America, by its present primary system, is in the hands of paid tools of plutocracy. In London, Paris, Berlin and St. Petersburgh, American sycophants represent wealth, not labor—the power which produces it. Treaties are made to conserve the rights of capital with but little regard for the interests of humanity. The simplicity of republicanism is being replaced by peacock pageantry. The love for badges and decorations has come to be regarded by a certain class of the American people as more of an honor than the unequalled distinction of citizenship. Tastes such as these lead to imitation and loss of individuality, which implies sycophancy, and sycophancy subserviency, to distinction, autocracy and plutocracy, the natural foes of liberty.

But, if I am not mistaken, there is a mighty power in intellectual force in the United States which will never permit this grand edifice of human liberty to fall either into the hands of a plutocracy or the sansculottes of the world. We are, however, marching rapidly toward a struggle between capital and labor such as the world never witnessed before, and the fools who are parading in gorgeous feathers in all the large cities of the world are too wrapped up in their own egotism to note the growing spread of socialism and its increasing effect on all who labor with hand and brain, and the suppressed discontent which finds a common sympathy in every country in the world. The sympathies of the wealthy classes of this country are no longer extended to the common people of other countries struggling to be be free from class thraldom, but act in collusion with the enemies of liberty. The little princeling of Spain and the dusky ex-queen of Hawaii received more attention from the last administration than the poverty-stricken condition of American citizens. The brutal outrages of the Spanish in Cuba—a blot on civilization—have defenders in congress, and are condoned by an un-republican and un-American government.

The great party which lays claim to having saved the Union seems, through some of its leaders, in league with the wealthy of all parties seeking to destroy it. Failure on the part of the present administration to check the rapacity of trusts and corporations, and to ameliorate the general condition of the people will create the belief that nothing but drastic measures will preserve what few rights they possess and recover those which are lost. Subsidized intellect only has sway, so far as it is useful to the class which employs it. It is no longer Ireland alone which suffers from the heel of an oppressor. America, the boasted land of the brave and the free, is overflowing with discontent, and causing grave concern to all true lovers of liberty, and it would be fortunate for the future welfare of this colossal republic if more of the press would imitate the example of THE CITIZEN in denouncing what is pernicious and upholding what is right, lawful and just.

ENGLISH LIBERAL.

March 12, 1897.

"BRIAN BORU" AT THE COLUMBIA.

The romantic opera, "Brian Boru," now occupying the boards at the Columbia, where it will be presented for another week, is certainly a much to be commended new departure from the old weather-beaten path of the squalid and ludicrous so long pursued by nearly all histrionic combinations that have dealt with Irish scenes and events. The opera is placed upon the stage in magnificent form, and the ladies and gentlemen who make up the personnel of the Whitney company possess the advantage of not alone being, in the main, meritorious artists, but also of being gifted with stalwart proportions and good looks, which go so far toward making any semi-spectacular presentation a success. "Brian Boru" is not, of course, to be taken as serious history. In the time of King Brian, the Saxon English, so far from being the enemies or hostile invaders of Ireland, were her friends, and many of them were students in what remained of her seats of learning and piety after the incursions of the Danes, against whom King Brian victoriously fought at Clontarf, on Good Friday, April 23, 1014. Art McMurrough, the brave King of Leinster, who twice defeated Richard II. at the head of a vast English army, in the last decade of the 14th century, would have been a more appropriate hero for this romantic opera, and we are led to believe that it was he who was originally so intended by the writers of the piece, but, as Brian Boru, somewhat unjustly, is much better known in general history than Art McMurrough, the anachronism was tolerated for the sake of the result with the amusement going public.

The music of the opera is stirring, for the most part, and exceedingly well rendered. The hearer has to grow used to the peculiar quality of Miss Farris' voice in the character of Elfrida, the English princess, before he can give her credit for very finished acting. She has a stately, handsome presence, which atones for any deficiency that certain ears may discern in her varied vocal notes. Max Eugene, as King Brian, is most acceptable, both as regards his singing and acting; but he has formidable rivals for the public favor in Mr. Slade, as O'Donovan, Mr. Paget, as O'Conner, and Mr. George O'Connell, as Lord Edward, the English commander. The singing of Miss Grace Golden in the character of Erina was exceedingly artistic and received generous recognition from the very large and appreciative audience.

Nor are the lighter features of the opera unworthy of the more dignified parts, as matters of mirth-provoking contrast. Mr. Leary, as Pat O'Hara, and Mr. Slavin, as Johnny Duggan, proved themselves comedians of a meritorious order and fairly divided the applause with their heavier confreres.

In the matters of scenery, costuming and sudden effects of light and shade "Brian Boru" is admirably equipped. The corps de ballet is composed of a bevy of symmetrical young ladies, whose statuesque charms are enhanced rather than diminished by the clouds of gauzy illusion that throw around their lovely forms a mystical veil. To all of our readers who have not seen and heard "Brian Boru" we say—go to the Columbia and be delighted.

GAELIC ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

The annual convention of the Gaelic Athletic association was held at Horan's hall, the headquarters of the association, on Sunday, March 7. E. A. Cahill and P. D. Fitzgerald were unanimously elected chairman and secretary of the convention. The large hall was well crowded, and the interest shown by all present augurs well for the association the coming season. A. J. Donoghue, M. B. Moriarty and M. O'Hara were appointed a committee on credentials, and reported the following clubs represented: Emmets, Innisfails, Sarsfields, O'Connells, Liberators, Young Irelands, O'Mahonys, O'Briens and O'Neill Crowleys.

When the delegates were seated the secretary, P. D. Fitzgerald, handed in a report of the workings of the association the past year. The report showed the association to be in good financial standing, considering the expenses for fencing the new grounds, erecting a grand stand, etc., amounting to $1,400. A. J. Donoghue, treasurer, handed in a report of the receipts derived from the games. A committee consisting of M. O'Hara, M. Lomasney and T. M. Cronin was appointed to audit the books, and reported verifying the statement of accounts made by the secretary. The hurling championship for 1896 was awarded to the O'Mahony hurling team, and the football championship stands a tie between the Emmet and O'Connell teams; the contest will be decided when the weather permits, probably the first Sunday in May. The winning team will then be presented with gold medals. A resolution was adopted that hurling and football teams be allowed to amalgamate and play with each other. The outlook of the association for the coming year is most encouraging; the season will be opened with international games between the Scotch and Irish teams, and the secretary of the association is also in communication with teams in other cities.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY CELEBRATIONS.

Several Interesting Ceremonies in Churches and Halls of the City.

We are unable this week, owing to the lateness of the events, to make more than a mere mention of the different celebrations of St. Patrick's Day in this city. The temporary abandonment of the usual parade took away the most striking feature of the anniversary, and the wearing of the green was not as universal as formerly. There was a lack of esprit de corps among Irish-Americans for some cause. The chief observation of the festival was in the different Catholic churches, where high mass was celebrated and numerous patriotic sermons preached. The Archbishop himself was present at the Cathedral when the Seventh Regiment, I. N. G., attended at 10 o'clock, and military mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Kelly, chaplain of the regiment. The Rev. Father F. L. Reynolds, of St. Anne's church, delivered a splendid eulogy on the saint in St. Patrick's church, South Chicago, at the 9 o'clock mass.

At the Central Music hall Col. Marcus Kavanaugh presided. Dr. Austin O'Malley, the distinguished scholar and litterateur, gave a prose translation of the ancient Gaelic poem, "The Sons of Usna," and also treated of the poesy of antique Ireland. Attorney Hugh O'Neill delivered a fine address on "Ireland and Liberty." This meeting was held under the auspices of St. Bernard's church, of which the Rev. B. P. Murray is pastor.

The Rev. T. H. Malone, of Denver, Col., addressed a large meeting under the auspices of the Young Men's Institute at Boulevard hall. His subject related to the services performed by Irish Catholics for America.

A large audience gathered at St. Anne's hall, where Mr. William Dillon presided, and addresses were delivered by the chairman, the Rev. F. L. Reynolds and John F. Finerty. There was also a varied musical and literary programme.

At St. Thomas' Catholic church, the patriotic pastor, Rev. J. J. Carroll, delivered a sermon in the Gaelic tongue. The title of his subject was, "How Ireland was Converted to Christ Without Bloodshed or Martyrdom."

DEMOCRATIC NOMINATIONS.

Following is the city and town ticket nominated by the recent Democratic conventions in full:

CITY TICKET.

Mayor, Carter H. Harrison.
City Treasurer, Ernest Hummel.
City Attorney, Miles J. Devine.
City Clerk, William Loeffler.

SOUTH TOWN.

Assessor, Richard C. Gunning
Collector, John Ernst.
Supervisor, John Sheehan.
Clerk, Ben. Barnett.

NORTH TOWN.

Assessor, James J. Gray.
Collector, Martin Becker.
Supervisor, Vincent H. Perkins.
Clerk, Fred Rinderer.

WEST TOWN.

Assessor, Timothy E. Ryan.
Collector, George Leininger.
Supervisor, Dennis Considine.
Clerk, John Gazzolo.

ALDERMEN.

First Ward, Michael Kenna; Second, L. Moss; Third, B. Stafford; Fourth, Sol DeLeo; Fifth, James Daly; Sixth, W. J. O'Brien; Seventh, W. J. Murphy; Eighth, John Bennett; Ninth, P. E. Canfield; Tenth, P. Biewer; Eleventh, G. Duddleston; Twelfth, J. H. Francis; Thirteenth, T. J. Little; Fourteenth, J. Strauss; Fifteenth, Wm. Tuite; Sixteenth, Henry Ludolph; Seventeenth, E. E. Walsh; Eighteenth, J. J. Brennan; Nineteenth, J. Haberkorn; Twentieth, Thomas Horton; Twenty-first, William Mangler; Twenty-second, A. N. Maltby; Twenty-third, Wm. Donahue; Twenty-fourth, D. Winston; Twenty-fifth, F. E. Brookman; Twenty-sixth, P. F. Haynes, Twenty-seventh, G. E. Foster; Twenty-eighth, E. L. Duffy; Twenty-ninth, M. McInerney; Thirtieth, Fred H. Hart; Thirty-first, No candidate; Thirty-second, Ben Donnelly; Thirty-third, M. Wiero; Thirty-fourth, F. Davidson.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester N. Y.*

No-To-Bac For Fifty Cents.

Millions of men who are daily "Tobacco spitting and smoking their lives away" will be glad to learn that the makers of No-To-Bac, the famous guaranteed tobacco habit cure, that has freed over 400,000 tobacco users in the last few years, have put on the market a fifty cent package of their great remedy. This will give every tobacco user a chance to test No-To-Bac's power to control the desire for tobacco in every form and at the same time be benefited by No-To-Bac's nerve strengthening qualities. Every tobacco user should procure a fifty cent box at once from his druggist or order it by mail. You will be surprised to see how easily and quickly the desire for tobacco disappears. Any reader can obtain a sample and booklet free by addressing the Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York and mentioning this paper.

For An Irish-American Building.

[To the Editor.]

In a recent issue of THE CITIZEN, while noticing the dedication of the Polish National building, you deplore the fact that the Irish have no national home of their own in Chicago. This, indeed, is not creditable to us as a nationality, and I think we all ought to make an effort to remove the reproach—at least those of us to whom "Ireland a Nation" is not a dead sentiment.

We ought to have a building here where all Irishmen, of every shade of opinion, could meet on a social, friendly footing. The more we know each other the better shall we understand each other.

I think such a building could be erected on the stock company plan and be made a paying concern. The shares might be, say, $5 or $10 each, so that almost every Irishman in Chicago could afford to subscribe for one or two. If well located the building would be a good investment, besides being an embodiment of Irish national sentiment.

JOS. GUERIN.

Entertainment of Div. 8.

This (Saturday) evening Div. 8 will hold a raffle at their hall, No. 62 North Clark street, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to the widow of a lately-deceased brother, Florence McCarthy. This will be held immediately after the regular meeting terminates, and will be followed by a social reunion. A large attendance is expected, and refreshments will be served to all comers. It is expected that many other divisions will be represented, and thus the raffle will be a great success. The prize is a beautiful and costly toilet set. Tickets are only 25 cents each, and are selling well. Many brothers from other divisions are investing in the chances, and it is evident that the contest will be remunerative and interesting. A general invitation is extended to all brothers in the city, and those not receiving personal invitations may consider this notice as such. In addition to the raffle and refreshments, a musical and literary programme will be given, so that all comers will find their tastes gratified.

Independence and a Republic.

Ireland's best good is independence and a republic. Her second best is colonial independence, such as Canada possesses. Her third best is legislative independence, such as British colonies enjoy all over the earth.

Absolute independence is not practicable without disrupting England's notion of the British empire. Colonial independence has much to commend it even to Englishmen. While legislative independence has a majority of the British electorate ready to study her claims and grant her requests when properly presented.

The Irish people can have that kind of independence which the world recognizes as fit for their condition, because the world is studying Ireland now and has been for many centuries. But Ireland has been forced to demonstrate her fitness for what she wants under severe tests and disheartening embarrassments.—O Brien J. Atkinson, in Donahoe's.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac of your druggist, under guarantee to cure, 50c or $1.00. Booklet and sample mailed free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY. }

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{ SEAL }

A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Is Consumption Contagious?

The question of isolation for those afflicted with consumption is being widely discussed by the health boards of the great cities. Many leading scientists believe this method of checking the disease impracticable and that the pharmacopœia must furnish the means of eradication. The discovery by Dr. Stevens of "Cannabis Sativa," the East Indian Consumption Cure, is the greatest step of medical science towards conquering this dread disease. Thousands of cases, pronouced hopeless, have been entirely cured, and there is no longer any question of the remarkable efficacy of this wonderful remedy in curing all diseases of the lungs, Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis and nervous diseases. To any one suffering from any of these diseases, who will enclose a stamp and mention this paper, the recipe will be mailed free. Address W. A. Noyes, Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

The Popular Scenic Route

Between Chicago, New York and Philadelphia. Solid Vestibuled Train Service, via Grand Trunk Railway System, in connection with the picturesque Lehigh Valley R. R. via Niagara Falls. Leave Chicago, Dearborn Station, via Grand Trunk Railway System at 3:10 p. m. Through Solid Vestibuled Train to New York and Philadelphia. The train runs daily, Sundays included, and consists of a combination baggage and smoking car, first-class passenger coaches and Pullman buffet sleeping cars, with dining car attached. The Entire System is Vestibuled, is lighted by gas, heated by steam, and contains all improvements lately introduced in modern railway equipment. For rates, sleeping car accommodations and further information, apply to L. R. MORROW, City Ticket Agent, 103 S. Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

The Irish Language

The Irish classes conducted by the Gaelic League of Chicago, meet for study every Sunday at 2:30 p. m., at room 119, city hall. All Gaels who wish to acquire a knowledge of the ancient language of their race, are invited to join the Gaelic League. Competent teachers are provided. There is no fee or expense, whatever, to be met except for the purchase of books, which are supplied at cost, by Mr. William Raliegh, and which may be obtained from him at the class rooms or at his residence, 735 South Canal street, Chicago.

IRISH NATIONAL ALLIANCE.

How to Form Councils.

First let a meeting be held of those desirous of affiliating with the Irish National Alliance. If not already an organized body, let them proceed to organize themselves under any name that may be desired, and elect a President, Treasurer and Secretary. The initiation fee of $1.00 per member must be paid in advance, and 50 cents per head at the end of each three months thereafter. Of the moneys so received hall rent and stationery shall be deducted, and of the balance 25 per cent shall be retained by the Council and 75 per cent shall be remitted to the National Treasurer, P. V. Fitzpatrick, No. 154 Twenty-second street, Chicago. Having complied with these conditions, application for a charter should be made to the National Secretary, C. O'Connor McLoughlin, No. 51 East One Hundred and Twenty-second street, New York, who, on information that the Treasurer has received the required remittance, will forward charter in due course. The name and full address of the Presidents of Councils at least should be forwarded to the National Secretary. Constitutions are now ready for distribution.

ECLIPSES THEM ALL.

35 1-2 Hours From Chicago to Jacksonville, Fla.

The Monon Route, with its customary enterprise, has put on a new fast train that makes the run between Chicago and Jacksonville in 35½ hours. This train is composed of elegant Pullman perfected safety vestibuled, open and compartment sleepers, including drawing-room and buffet sleepers, as well as comforable day coaches, with Monon celebrated high-back seats. This train leaves Chicago daily at 8:32 p. m., arriving at Cincinnati next morning at 7:30; Chattanooga, 5:50 p. m.; Atlanta, 10:40 p. m.; reaching Jacksonville at 8:20 the second morning, in ample time to make connection with all lines for points in Central and Southern Florida. This is the fastest time ever made by any line between Chicago and Florida. FRANK J. REED, General Passenger Agent, Chicago. City ticket office, 232 S. Clark street. For time cards, pamphlets and all other information, address L. E. SESSIONS, N. W. Passenger Agent, Minneapolis, Minn.

REGISTRATION AND ELECTION.

Official notice is hereby given that for the Election of April 6, 1897, there is one day only for the registration of voters. That day is

Tuesday, March 23, 1897.

The Board of Registry will be in session at precinct polling places to register voters on the above date between the hours of 8 o'clock A. M. and 9 o'clock P. M.

Those who have changed their place of residence and those who have not registered heretofore must register on the above date or else they cannot vote.

You cannot be registered at any other time or place.

UNLESS YOU ARE REGISTERED YOU CANNOT VOTE.

Election day is Tuesday, April 6, 1897. Polls open at 6 o'clock A. M. and close at 4 o'clock P. M.

FREDERICK S. BBIRD,
THEODORE STIMMING,
P. H. KEENAN,
Board of Election Commissioners of the City of Chicago.

ISAAC N. POWELL, Chief Clerk.

An Old Nurse for Children.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION

OF THE

CHICAGO NATIONAL BANK,

OF CHICAGO,

At Chicago, in the State of Illinois, at the close of business, March 9, 1897.

RESOURCES:

Loans and discounts		$4,337,618.77
Overdrafts		1,774.70
U.S. bonds to secure circulation		50,000.00
Other stocks and bonds		1,963,422.96
Due from other national banks	$1,976,576.89	
Due from state banks and bankers	78,861.70	
Exchanges for clearing-house	184,744.73	
Bills of other banks	55,000.00	
Fractional paper currency, nickels and pennies	1,150.62	
Specie	1,892,100.00	
Legal-tender notes	642,000.00	
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)	2,250.00	
Due from U. S. Treasurer, other than 5 per cent redemption fund	13,000.00	
		4,845,384.61
Total		$11,218,199.34

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in		$ 500,000.00
Surplus fund		500,000.00
Undivided profits, less current expenses and taxes paid		96,568.33
National bank notes outstanding		45,000.00
Individual deposits subject to check	$8,122,458.38	
Demand certificates of deposit	398,843.97	
Time certificates of deposit	60,709.10	
Certified checks	36,508.94	
Cashier's checks outstanding	1,350.27	
Due to other national banks	1,299,153.15	
Due to state banks and bankers	177,633.20	
		10,074,622.01
Total		$11,218,199.34

State of Illinois, Cook County, ss:

I, F. M. Blount, cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true, to the best of my knowledge and belief. F. M. BLOUNT, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of March, 1897. CHARLES L. DAY, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest: JOHN R. WALSH, MAURICE ROSENFELD, JOHN M. SMYTH, Directors.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss. Superior Court of Cook County. March Term, A. D. 1897. E. S. Rooks as Receiver of Illinois Paper Company vs. George M. Hill, R. R. McCabe, Eugene A. Weeks, Albert R. Barnes, E. A. Lawson, The Weeks Publishing Company and the E. A. Weeks & Company. In Chancery No. 181,018.

Notice is hereby given to the said E. A. Lawson that the above named Complainant heretofore filed his Bill of Complaint in said Court on the Chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said Court against the above named defendants, returnable on the first day of the term of the Superior Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the first Monday of April A. D. 1897, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

JOHN A. LINN, Clerk.

Matthew P. Brady, Complainant's Solicitor.

VALUABLE PREMIUMS and Liberal Cash Prizes are being offered in

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Everything New from Cover to Cover.

This magazine contains more reading-matter and illustrations than any other magazine in America

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Established 1855. FRANK LESLIE'S PUBLISHING HOUSE, New York.

THE SWEETEST OF MEMORY'S BELLS.

Wild is the way through the woodland, but
there are the sweet fields of clover,
The sighing, sad pines and the jessamine vines,
and the rill that leaps laughingly over.
The lilies that rim it—the shadows that dim
it—and there, winding winsomely sweet
Is the path that still leads to the old home
through rivery ripples of wheat!

And hark! 'tis the song of the reapers, and I
know by its jubilant ringing
There is gold in the gleam of the harvest and
love in the hearts that are singing!
And still as of old to the ether its music mel-
lifluous swells,
And the wind that sighs westward is swaying
the sweetest of memory's bells.

Let me pass through the wheat and the clover,
O men and rose maidens who reap!
I, who come from the sound of the cities, like
a child to its mother would creep,
For through long years of tears and of toiling,
like harbor bells over the foam,
Your voices far winging and ringing were
singing me—singing me home!

And here, from the pain and the pleasure—
from the sorrow and sighing, I flee
As the birds when the storm winds are blow-
ing, as the ships seek the haven from sea,
And I fancy the violets know me in gardens of
beauty and bliss,
And do not the red roses owe me the peace of
the prodigal's kiss?

The sun is still bright at the portal. There
the love light all radiant shines.
Heart, heart, there's a face we remember in
the tangle and bloom of the vines!
Far off the glad reapers are singing—far off in
the rivery wheat,
And the arms of a mother are clinging, and
the kiss of a mother is sweet!

—Frank L. Stanton in Ladies' Home Journal.

A WOODLANDS TALE.

The valley is lined with woods for a long distance, but in one place, little more than two miles from the sea, there is a clear space, where the big house stands above its hanging gardens. Strangers have occupied it for so long a time that they would wonder and be indignant did you call them by that name. But strangers they must remain for the sake of certain memories attaching to the place, and the woods that line the valley as it wanders away inland are haunted by the gentle ghost of a woman whose beauty lives to this day upon the lips of lovers throughout all the country round about.

For 20 years an old man dwelt there, continually divided betwixt the love of the living, his daughter, and a passion for his dead wife that was forever drawing him toward the land of twilight wherein he pictured her waiting for his coming. He had lived hardly in his youth, an overworked and underpaid drudge, finding the whole of his life's pleasures in the books of the great masters and in devoted care for his mother. Apart from these, indeed, he had no life. His whole existence was but a struggle to earn by uncongenial labor the barest means of substance. His mother had died when he was nearing 40, and then his condition was even more to be pitied, for it seemed he had lived out his life before he had reached the middle of his years and without experience of those things that make existence glorious. Yet the gods had much of bitter and of sweet in store for him.

A distant relative—a cousin or his mother's, a mere name to him hitherto—died and left a will whereby he became master of the big house, and withal a man of means. At first the change of circumstance rather detracted from his comfort than otherwise. But he was a gentleman, and a person greatly loved by all who met him. He quickly adapted himself to the change and made himself a place in the hearts and homes of the neighboring gentry. He showed himself a charming host, and in a wise and quiet way did much to promote the public good.

They say that the tale of how he won his wife was as pretty as any ever written. His life hitherto had not been of the sort to inspire him with any overweening sense of his own personal attractions, and it did not occur to him that his present position could make a difference to the judgment likely to be passed on him by any young girl whose hand he might seek. They say, for they are fond of the story in those parts, that the wooing was all hers; that she saw how gently he was resigning himself to a burden he deemed inevitable and made it clear to him that of all her suitors he alone had touched her heart.

At any rate, he married a young wife and lived with her in the big house for some few months beyond a year. If he had died at the end of that time, he would have thanked the gods for the best life it was ever given to man to enjoy, but that was not the thing ordained. His wife died a day or two after the birth of a daughter, the Rachel of the story you are to hear.

The man was not altogether unhappy during the years that followed. It was not in his nature to be made morose and misanthropical by crushing sorrow, and, though he felt himself somewhat out of place in a world that no longer held his wife—who had drawn to her every fiber in his being as a hidden spring draws the roots of a tree—his daughter gave him much happiness, and, what was even more important, a reason for existing.

She was a singularly lovable child, and his continual thoughtfulness on her behalf had the effect of making a like carefulness for others mere instinct in her. She was a child in virtue of her simplicity of heart, but her intercourse with others was all made up of little, kindly courtesies such as are in most of us the last refinements of art.

In due course she went away to school, and it would have been hard to decide whether the coming of holiday time, when she was at home once more, brought with it more of joy to him or to her. She grew tall and very beautiful. Her face was clear cut and of a type singularly patrician, but the whole expression was one of delicate graciousness, and her eyes looked out upon the world with the frankness of a beautiful child's.

At last the time of her schooling was passed. She was 18 when she returned to dwell in the big house, and then she became more and more a companion to her father, being in his company for the greater part of every day.

There came in due season a lover, but this did nothing to disturb the harmony of the household. In matters of learning, it may be, Eustace was not a fit companion for the father of Rachel, but he was a gentleman, like the other, and a man so made that you would have sworn he would remain a boy at heart no matter how long he should live.

In those days (it was early in the spring) the old man often sat toward sunset at the open window of his ground floor study, soothed into some sort of happiness by the voices of Rachel and her lover as they walked bareheaded in the gentle western air.

Eustace was a soldier on leave of absence visiting the home country, and the time was one when every man of that calling knew that the morrow might see him ordered abroad. Perhaps the courtship progressed more rapidly than it would otherwise have done because Rachel was aware of the shortness of the time of freedom allowed him and how he chafed at it. Yet there was no binding speech between them until the order came that he was to return to his regiment and go to the war. He had no particular skill in the use of words, and his speech with her was straightforward and to the point.

"I am leaving in two days to join my regiment and go out to the Crimea. Since I have been in the west I have learned to love you. Will you let me go happy because you have promised to be my wife?"

Twilight was deepening, and only a few lights shone yellow in the windows of the cottages along the valley. Rachel did not answer for a moment, though he somehow felt the thrill of pain that shot through her at the thought he was going to the war. She glanced in the direction of the open window where her father sat in the twilight. Then she made answer as direct as the speech of her love.

"If that will make you happy," she said, "I will promise gladly. But, oh, I wish you had not to go!"

Afterward it was mainly Eustace who spoke, and his words, when they did not express a half delirious joy in her acceptance of his suit, were intended to convince her that her regrets were needless. It was his duty not only to go, but to go gladly, and he would fulfill that duty to the utmost, though he must of necessity leave his heart in England with her.

The lovers lingered a long time in the cool and pleasant air, and it was not till late that Rachel told her father of the thing which had fallen out that night, and the two received the old man's blessing. Then there was a parting, and Rachel knew that, save for an hour or two on the next evening, she had seen the last of her lover for many a long day.

The gardens descend the slope of the valley, and from the orchard at the bottom a pathway leads into the woods. It was this path the lovers took on the night of their farewells. The spring had come full early, and even the mulberries began to think of putting forth their leaves. In the woods the primroses shone everywhere, and many an open space was carpeted with bluebells. There were anemones and frail wood sorrel in the shadow of scattered granite rocks, and the garlic flowered whitely where the soil was marshy. Innumerable birds were singing, and every tangled bramble bush held a foolish blackbird, that fled with a self betraying shriek as they approached, making almost unconsciously for a glade they had often visited together in the heart of the woods.

"Let us stop here," said Eustace presently. "Do you remember when we found the place?"

"I have always known it," said Rachel. "It was my playground when I was a child, and sometimes I chose to fancy myself the sleeping princess and this the palace where I waited for the prince. I did not think he would ever come."

"My princess!" cried the man, kissing her as she sat beside him in the shade of a huge tree. "Out there I shall always think of you as waiting for me here."

"Come back quickly," she said in a low voice, "but do not think of me as waiting here. The place will be too empty without you. We will visit it together when you have come back."

"But you must not leave it unvisited," he said. "It is too dear to us for that, and you will be nearer to me here than anywhere else. Look down the path."

He pointed in the direction from which they had come, and her eyes obeyed the command.

"Some day," he said, "you will hear that I am coming, and you will make ready to meet me. But I shall not find you—I shall hardly seek you—in the house or in the garden. I shall come straight down to the wood and along the old path, and you will be waiting here. The time will seem long. You will think I cannot be coming. Then, suddenly, a foolish blackbird will shriek away yonder, and in a moment I shall be here, and you will be mine forever."

Rachel turned her eyes upon him. "I am that now," she said. "I am yours forever. But, oh, come back to me quickly. Waking or sleeping, I shall be watching that pathway until you are returned."

"And I shall be thinking of you who are waiting for me here," he said. "Remember that, and be sure that I will come back to you."

The last of the birds had ceased from singing when the lovers rose and quitted Rachel's bower among the woods. They traversed the pathway slowly and came at last to the terrace. Eustace entered and said goodby to Rachel's father, and presently the lovers parted, and the young man strode out under the trees of the drive to the highway and so home.

The time which came after this parting may be guessed at by all who know how the war went. Rachel lived in a perpetual fever of expectation, for the region wherein she dwelt was at that time isolated, and letters and newspapers alike came to hand all too slowly. She used often to visit the green glade in the woods, and, though she maintained the outward serenity of her aspect, her father was not a little troubled on her behalf, seeing, despite her efforts at concealment, how love held back the pendulum of her life until this man should be returned who had gone for an indefinite period into a place where men were dying daily.

"I dreamed of you last night," said the distant lover in one of his letters. "I dreamed that the day we are hoping for had come at last and that I was coming down the pathway to meet you in the woods. I found you there, of course, and I think you had grown more beautiful than ever. Do you wait in the woods?"

Rachel's answer was this: "I am always in the woods, whether in dreams or in the body. You could not come back, though it were ever so secretly, and find me not waiting."

But there came a time when she had no need to go down to the trysting place, since it was certain Eustace could not come to meet her there. The bitter winter that killed so many had almost gone from Cornwall, but in the Crimea its grip was still unrelaxed. Eustace had long since ceased to speak jestingly of the hardships suffered by himself and his brother officers, or indignantly of those that fell to the lot of the common soldiers. But, though he took refuge in silence, careful lest he should arouse her fears, the newspapers told her not a little of what he was suffering, and she dreaded the news that any moment might bring.

Some verses she had found in a foreign book were always in her mind: "All day, until the day's end, I await the message that is to come, and every footstep speaks of death. At night, sleepless, I say, 'What will the morrow bring?' and, in the morning, I think of all the days to come and wonder whether this day will be cursed or another. But the days are silent, until the time appointed. I await the message that is to come."

The letters came intermittently, and there was that in them—rather of things left vague than of things said—that sent Rachel often to the trysting place up the valley. The spring came very slowly, but the yellow primroses were out, and amid green leaves the young hyacinth had already a faint tinge of blue. She spent hours in the very place where she had sat with Eustace when they were together for the last time, and her heart followed her eyes down the woodland pathway and across the seas.

For at last there were no more letters, and as these failed to arrive the girl became every day more eager for the newspapers, more terribly afraid to open them because of the news they might hold. Her father watched her with a growing anxiety, and was forever seeking to allay her fears, while at the same time he was exceeding loath to give them the support that a recognition of their existence would have involved.

He was himself seriously afraid for Eustace, though there was no particular reason why he should be more unfortunate than his brothers. The old man saw anxiety and fear were telling on his daughter; that from a healthy woman she had become within a few days a mere bundle of nerves. One morning (known afterward as the day when Eustace got the wound that was to kill him) she suddenly uttered a loud cry as she sat at lunch with him, and it was long before she revived from the fainting fit which immediately ensued.

From that hour Rachel's condition became more and more a cause of solicitude. Her father was unhappy whenever she was out of his sight, and that was frequently, for something drew her to the trysting place among the woods, and early and late she would go down there and sit in the place where she had sat with Eustace, and where she had promised to await him whenever he should be able to return. Some hint of the state of affairs prevailing at the big house had gone abroad among the impressionable people of the countryside, and the glade where she waited was held sacred to her and sedulously avoided.

But at last (on the third day from that of her fainting fit and toward the end of the afternoon) she went down alone, and when it was dark she had not returned. For a long time her father suppressed his natural unrest, but presently he found that the servants were oppressed, like himself, by an indefinite, nervous dread. He determined to go down to the heart of the woods and bring Rachel home. One or two servants accompanied him, bearing lanterns.

A thin mist had dulled the sky and hidden the stars. They walked in absolute silence, and the night was like a huge empty house in which their footsteps echoed.

Fear was upon them, and a sense of something terrible impending made them waver betwixt eagerness to go forward and dread of what they were to come upon. On the edge of the woodlands the old man paused and cried: "Rachel! Rachel!"

A dull echo was the only answer, and they moved on in the direction of the glade. Once again the old man raised his voice and called upon his daughter: "Rachel! Rachel!"

But she answered to that call an hour earlier, when her lover came to meet her in the glade, at the moment of his death across the seas. She was sitting under the great tree where they had spent their last hours in life together. The radiant smile had not yet gone from her lips, nor was there any horror in the eyes that stared across the glade and down the woodland path by which he had sworn to come when he was free.—London Black and White.

Delicacy of the Sense of Smell.

The delicacy of the sense of smell almost surpasses belief. A single grain of musk has been known to perfume a room for 20 years. At the lowest computation that grain of musk must have been divided into three hundred and twenty million million particles, each individually capable of affecting the organs of smell.—Ladies' Home Journal.

SIGNS IN THE THUMB.

WHAT THEY MEAN AND HOW YOU MAY LEARN TO READ THEM.

Of Value In Character Delineation—There Is a "Thumb Center" In the Brain—Gypsy Fortune Tellers Often Confine Their Investigations to the Thumb.

The gypsies have always recognized that the thumb is the most important factor in delineating special tendencies. These nomadic people are the most intuitive on earth, and the fact that in their fortune telling they often confine their prognostications to the thumb alone is worth more than a passing notice.

The fact that there is what is known as the "thumb center" in the brain, recognized by all surgeons, demonstrates the immense importance attached to it by medical science. If there is a tendency toward paralysis, the physician notes it in the thumbs long before the malady shows itself in other directions. An operation to avert the calamity, if possible, is frequently performed on the thumb center of the brain, and the thumb itself is watched for results favorable or otherwise. It is a matter of record that the thumbs of idiots and those mentally weak are undersized, characterless and usually cling closely to the side of the hand. There have been books written on signs in the thumbs as denoting criminal instincts, and detectives have been often moved to consider seriously this phase of the hand in making their deductions in puzzling cases.

The position of the thumb with reference to the rest of the hand makes either for or against favorable tendencies. If it is bound to the first finger at a close angle, lying nearly parallel, it indicates a weak and cowardly nature. People with such thumbs are not open and frank in character, preferring to creep along in the shadow and profit by another's enterprise. If, in connection with this position, it should be very small, with vacillating, almost invisible joints, it indicates mental weakness. If, on the contrary, it flies out at right angles or even farther, it shows want of balance in another direction. The person will rush to extremes and is independent and aggressive almost to foolhardiness. Such people are disagreeable to associate with in any enterprise, as they always want their own way and are not subservient to authority. The well balanced thumb lies at an agle of about 45 degrees from the first finger. The joints of the thumb also tell their story. The limber jointed thumb which turns back from the hand is a misfortune to its owner. He will never be rich by saving his earnings, and if a fortune should be left him it is likely to be soon dissipated. He is a spendthrift by nature, not only in money, but in thought. If he gets a hobby, he rides it to death, and his policy in all the affairs of life will be, "If a little is good, more is better." And if he does not actually live out all his impulses, he will always fret in the spirit and grow rebellious in resisting his natural tendencies. The stable jointed thumb is everything that is the opposite to the first type. And, while the people with these thumbs are not so companionable or so helpful to others, they succeed by concentration and a certain amount of selfishness. They have the directness of purpose and the tenacity to carry to successful issue great enterprises. They are stubborn, material, stolid, resistless. The chimpanzee, which has the hand most nearly resembling the human, shows the greatest weakness and want of intelligence in its undersized short thumb. And in the human race the long thumb may be taken as indicating the more intellectual nature. The shorter the thumbs the more brutal and passion governed the nature.

The relative length of the joints also plays an important part. The first indicates the will power; the second denotes judgment, reason and logic, and the third, which controls the mount of Venus, indicates the affections and love of fellow beings. In a well balanced nature the first and second joints are about of equal length. This indicates a wholesome adjustment between the judgment and the will. If, however, the first joint is longer than the second, the will exceeds the judgment and the person is likely to be stubborn and often acts without reason. When the second joint is the longer, a person plans better than he executes. In this way he often gets the reputation of being visionary, and is frequently full of schemes which he lacks the will to carry out. The third joint, or "ham," of the hand, when too thick indicates ungovernable passions and an inordinate love of the opposite sex. Such a person will be "hail fellow well met," a boon companion, but is likely to neglect the intellectual demands both of his home and his other self. To this abnormal indication may be traced many matrimonial infelicities. When the second joint is thin and small in circumference as compared with the first, it is said to indicate great tact and niceties in judgment, even to the splitting of a hair. Whether the hand is firm or flabby has a modifying influence in all cases.—Chicago Tribune.

Pulled Bread.

Some of the restaurants and hotels in the city make a specialty of pulled bread, serving it regularly as a dinner bread. As is well known, this thoroughly dried out bread is commended by physicians and hygienic advisers as far more wholesome than the soft, soggy breads so much eaten. It may be easily made from any long loaf of bread by trimming the outside crust sand cutting or pulling the loaf lengthwise into quarters, then eighths. Break each of these pieces in two and lay on a clean paper in the warming oven for several hours. To be served at dinner the bread should be pulled right after breakfast. It is as wholesome as the German zwieback, or twice baked bread, and is preferred by many because not sweet.—New York Post.

ANECDOTES OF SHELBY.

An Old Comrade Tells of the Famous Confederate Fighter.

"No man could ride with Jo Shelby for four years and be worth his salt at anything else," said Major J. F. Stonestreet. "I did it and ought to know. I have not been worth killing since."

Major Stonestreet was an associate of General Shelby in his boyhood and was with him through the war. Perhaps no man in Kansas City had a more intimate acquaintance with the dead general.

"Shelby was essentially military," Major Stonestreet went on. "He loved the life. Its dangers, labors, rough living and brilliant successes suited him down to the ground. If he had been so placed that all of his years could have been spent in war, he would have been the happiest man on earth. To him the soldier's life was the happiest of lives, the soldier's death the death of deaths. He was fond of his men, but he did not spare them. In his four years of campaigning many, very many, of them were killed. He was not sentimental about it. They took their chances, he used to say. He exposed them to no dangers that he did not share himself. He, too, took his chances.

"He was morbidly sensitive about the conduct of his men, the more so that they bore the reputation of 'raiders,' which, it must be confessed, they earned. Hard riding and fighting make a hard appetite, and they were no respecters of other people's pigs and poultry. Once we were half starving in Arkansas. Shelby and I rode down to the White river to water our horses. A detachment of the troops was doing the same thing just below us. Among them was Dick Gentry, now of Kansas City. He was a gallant private and a good fellow. Slung across his saddle was a sack, carefully tied and bleeding at one end.

"'What you got there?' demanded Shelby.

"'Been havin my clothes washed,' said Gentry.

"'You'd better get back to camp,' said the general, 'or your clothes will bleed to death.'

"Gentry was put in the guardhouse. That night a quarter of fresh pork found its way to Shelby's tent. 'I haven't an idea where this came from,' he said as he looked at it hungrily, 'but go round to the guardhouse, orderly, and tell 'em to turn Gentry loose. There's no use in keeping a man shut up all of his life for a little laundry.'

"We were down in Texas," continued Mr. Stonestreet, "when we got the news of Lincoln's assassination. The men were on review, and the intelligence went down the line like a flash. Some of them foolishly cheered.

"'Boys,' said General Shelby, sitting erect on his horse, with one hand raised in air and his head bared, 'this is the heaviest blow yet dealt us. Lincoln's slaughter was the act of a madman. If he had lived, he would have been just and generous to the south.'

"Major General Holmes was in command of our part of the transmississippi department. He was a West Pointer. President Davis was a West Pointer also, and thought that no man could be a soldier unless he bore the hallmark of that academy. Therefore he appointed Holmes, who was a gentleman and well meaning, but stiff necked and dull. Holmes sent for Shelby.

"'General,' he said when the cavalry leader appeared, 'your men have been stealing, and it must be stopped. They are thieves.'

"'Sir,' said Shelby, 'whoever told you so lies.'

"'I believe it is true,' said Holmes.

"'Why?' asked Shelby.

"'Because everybody says so.'

"'Do you believe a thing when everybody says so?'

"'I do.'

"'Do you know what everybody says about you?'

"'I do not. What do they say?'

"'They say that you are a d——d old fool.' And Shelby walked out.

"What is more," continued Mr. Stonestreet, "Shelby was right. Men can't fight and starve too.

"General Shelby was a soldier only. As a man of business he was a failure. Into business life he brought the same bold policies that distinguished him in war times, the same dash and the same recklessness, and they wouldn't do. He would lend money to anybody who asked for it, taking no security, and to have served in his command was an open road to his purse. To the day of his death he was beset by hangers on who had known him in wartime. He seemed never to weary of them or to learn that they were leeches."—Kansas City Star.

Uses of Mineral Wool.

Mineral wool is coming into general use as a nonconducting covering for pipes and the walls of cold storage rooms and also as a fireproofing material. It is also valuable as a deadener of sound in the floors of buildings, but is somewhat expensive for such purposes. Blast furnace slag is one material from which mineral wool is made, and a certain sort of rock is another. The rock or slag is melted in a large furnace. In a liquid condition it runs very slowly out of a pipe, and as it makes its appearance it meets a steam jet at a very high pressure. This blows it into fragments, and by its weight it settles in the various compartments prepared to receive it. Rock wool is preferred for covering pipes and similar purposes, being entirely free from sulphur, which makes it corrosive to metal when wet.—New York Ledger.

Different Reasons.

"There are two subjects that I never discuss with men," said the girl, "and one of them is politics, because, you see, I know nothing about it."

"And the other subject?" asked the man.

"The other subject that I don't discuss," said the girl, "is love."

"For the same reason?" asked the man.

"Oh, no!" said the girl. "It's because I know too much about it."—New York Sun.

THE MANIAC IN THE CAR.

A Drama With a Satisfactory Ending For All but the Nervous Woman.

It was perfectly obvious that the man in the corner was crazy. At least it was perfectly obvious to the nervous looking woman who sat just opposite him in the cable car. It was not so much the mystical series of wigwag signals which he was making with his handkerchief as the amazing contortions of his face. In the intervals of these contortions he stared intently in the direction of his nervous vis-a-vis, but at nothing in the world, so vague was his look. Then he would tap the bridge of his nose with his finger, grimace and screw up his features into horrible expressions of malignant madness.

The poor woman didn't know what to do. Her alarm was so apparent that all the others in the car noticed it, even the man himself in one of his lucid intervals, and thereafter his performances became more violent than ever. Every physician knows that maniacs delight in playing upon the terrors of those who exhibit fear of them. Perhaps the woman herself knew it. At any rate her feelings finally reached an intensity such that when the man half rose from his seat she shrank into her corner with a stifled squeak, which brought from him a glance of triumph, or perhaps it was surprise. But he only sank back again, with an expression of disappointment, as if his time had not yet come, which indeed it hadn't. Thereafter she held herself gathered close, with every muscle strained, ready to spring and flee. She didn't have long to wait.

The man looked toward her with that terrible, unseeing glare. His fists clinched. The handkerchief clinched in one of them jerked in short, sharp oscillations. His eyes began to bulge out. His face became purple. Beneath his curling lips could be seen his teeth, bare to the gums. He leaned forward toward the horror struck woman, his face protruding almost into hers. His sharp, hot breath was on her cheek, and just as his arms went up to clutch she made one bound from her seat that took her half way down the car.

Two more leaps landed her on the platform. Thence, with a mad yell, she launched herself forth, despite the restraining grasp of the alarmed conductor, and was fortunately caught by a policeman, who escorted her to the sidewalk, where she wept. From behind she heard a mad, gasping roar of baffled rage, but the maniac did not follow.

He didn't want to. He sank back in his seat again and wiped his tearful eyes. Then he took out a newspaper and began to read. It had been a hard struggle, but it had ended in victory. He had got that sneeze out.—New York Sun.

IN A LONDON THEATER.

A First Night as Seen by the Artist C. D. Gibson.

A London audience is brilliant. Every one is in evening dress, and the audience is often more entertaining than the play. This is especially true on a first night. At such times the pit is watched most anxiously by the management, as the success of the piece generally depends on its verdict. It has often occurred to me, when I have seen people on a stormy night forming a line on the pavement outside the pit entrance, taking it all seriously enough to stand there for hours before the doors were opened, that by letting them inside, the management might improve their spirits and they in their turn might be more gentle.

And it has also occurred to me when I have seen a stout man standing in the aisle fumbling for a sixpence or a shilling in pockets that probably only contain a bank note and a goldpiece that the management might further improve the spirits of its audience by doing away with women ushers, and by selling the programme at the same time it sells the seat, for it is hardly fair to the first act of a play to make it overcome the fretfulness caused by annoying attendants before it can hope to amuse. But the second act is sure to have a fair start, and if the play is good from there on it will have no reason to complain of the audience.—C. D. Gibson in Scribner's.

Killed the Devil.

A burglar recently met with his deserts in a dramatic manner. In the neighborhood of a place called Huntsburg, near Oldenburg, two little boys, aged respectively 8 and 12, were left by their mother at home to take care of the house. A man with blackened face and in black attire suddenly entered and announced himself to the scared little mites as his satanic majesty. "I am the devil. Where do you keep your money?"

They instantly pointed toward the massive trunk where the modest wealth of the parents was treasured up. While, however, the murky looking impostor was ransacking the chest, the younger of the two boys whispered to his brother, "Go and fetch the gun and shoot the devil dead."

The brother jumped at the idea, fetched the loaded weapon, crept up to the unsuspecting thief and lodged the whole charge in his back. He fell back dead.—London Telegraph.

Uncalled For Indignity.

"That's what I call an insult to the whole human race."

"What is?"

The first speaker pointed to a North Side butcher's window, where, under an array of calves' livers, hung this sign, "Get Your Brains Here."—Chicago Tribune.

The majority of grown people, as well as the children, in ancient Rome rarely lighted a candle unless at dawn. The bedtime in Rome, Athens, Egypt and other parts of the Mediterranean shore was between 7 and 9 o'clock in the evening, according to the season.

WHEN bilious or costive, eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed, 10c, 25c.

THE WHITE HOUSE.

ARRANGEMENT OF THE OFFICIAL QUARTERS OF THE EXECUTIVE.

Views From the Windows of the East Room—The "Hall of the Disappointed." Telephone Is Almost the Only Modern Improvement In the Building.

Mr. C. C. Buel writes a paper for The Century on "Our Fellow Citizen of the White House," devoted to the official cares and duties of the president, in the course of which he says:

At 10 o'clock a hardly discernible sign against the glass of the barrier announces to the citizen who has arrived under the grand portal that the executive mansion is "open" to visitors. At 2 o'clock the sign is changed to "closed." The doorkeepers swing the doors open to everybody. Within the large vestibule nothing is seen which indicates the arrangement and purposes of the different parts of the mansion. It was not always so, for originally the now concealed corridor, or middle hall, with the staircase on the right, was a part of the entrance hall. Now the spaces between the middle columns are closed with colored glass partitions, and the vestibule is simply a large, square room pleasant to get out of.

No way appears to open to the state apartments in the center or to the west wing, which is devoted to the private apartments. Yet glass doors are there, though as imperceptible to the stranger as a swinging panel. To the left there is a door which is always open. It admits to a small hall, across which a similar door is the side entrance to the great east room. About this splendid room, comprising the whole east end of the mansion, the visitor may wander at will before the portraits or enjoy from the windows the beauty of the treasury building to the east or the impressive landscape to the south, including the towering shaft of the Washington monument and beyond the ever charming Potomac, spreading with enlarging curves toward Mount Vernon, and in the private garden under the windows he may chance to see a merry band of little ones.

From the small hall between the vestibule and the east room a stairway ascends toward the medial line of the building to a wide middle hall, on each side of which are the offices of the president. The arrangement is simple, and in the floor plan covers the space occupied below by the east room and the green room, the latter being the counterpart of the small hall with the public stairway just mentioned. At the head of these stairs, over the green room, is the cabinet room, which is the first apartment in the south side of the hall, a jog of two steps, at the private door into the president's room, marking the raised ceiling of the east room below. The president reaches his office through the cabinet room, entering the latter from the library, which corresponds on the second floor with the blue room of the state apartments. President Arthur indeed used the library as his office and the cabinet chamber for an anteroom, while his private secretary was domiciled in the traditional office of the president. During his first term Mr. Cleveland preserved the same arrangement. But General Harrison went back to the office hallowed by Lincoln's occupancy, and Mr. Cleveland, on his return, found the arrangement so satisfactory that he continued it.

Beyond the president's large, square office is the corner room where Private Secretary Thurber is always either wrestling with the details of executive business or standing with his shoulder braced against the crowd struggling to see the president. It is a narrow apartment and might be called appropriately the "hall of the disappointed," the suggestion being emphasized by portraits of the greatest of presidential aspirants, Clay and Webster, to which Mr. Thurber added, as his private property, an engraving of the closest contestant for the office, Governor Tilden.

On the north side of the hall there are two rooms which correspond to those on the south side just described, the small one being occupied by Mr. O. L. Pruden, the assistant secretary since General Grant's time and the custodian of the office books as well as of the traditions which govern the public social routine of the executive mansion. In his room sits the telegraph clerk at his instrument, and by the window is a telephone, which saves a great amount of messenger service between the president and the departments. Occasionally a congressman, with less ceremony than discretion, attempts to get an appointment with the ear of the president over the telephone, and there is a record of a stage earthquake produced in the private secretary's room by a furious congressman who found the telephone ineffective and his Olympian style even less so. Notwithstanding that it is almost the sole modern improvement in the White House, President Cleveland was seen at the telephone but once, and then, needless to say, not on call.

Safety In Beauty.

A worldly father, after the style of Lord Chesterfield, was giving good advice to his son, who was about to make his entrance into society.

"And, above all, avoid flirtations; but, if you must flirt or fall in love, sir, be sure it is with a pretty woman. It is always safer."

"Why?" asked the young man.

"Because some other fellow will be sure to be attracted and cut you out before any harm has been done."—London Telegraph.

Arcturus is not less than 70 and is probably more than 100 light years distant from us. This star certainly surpasses the sun in volume many thousand times.

The British government still employs foreign mercenaries in its army. The Gurkhas, fine soldiers of Nepal, are employed in British India.

SUBMARINE CABLES.

The Difficulties Encountered In Sending Messages at a Profitable Speed.

While submarine cables can now be made of any length and at comparatively small cost, great difficulties are still encountered in sending messages at a commercially profitable speed, and these difficulties increase with the length of the line. In long cables there is a troublesome retardation of the electric current, due to the fact that the insulating cover of the copper strands becomes itself electrified, and this surface charge delays messages by preventing the current at the beginning of any signal from rising rapidly to its maximum and again from rapidly dying out. The consequence of this is that while from 400 to 600 words a minute can be sent over a land line, the maximum speed on an Atlantic cable is somewhere about 32 words a minute. Before the "siphon recorder" and Lord Kelvin's "curb sender" were invented, the maximum speed was eight or ten words per minute. Curiously enough, the more perfect the cable's insulation may be the greater is this retardation, and slight leaks in this covering often increase for the time the line's working capacity. The corrosive action of the salt water is active at such points, however, and will soon cause a break in the cable.

Professor Silvanus P. Thompson of the Royal society of England has invented a system of cable construction by which he expects not only to increase the capacity of the present lines, but to make practicable the covering of the 3,600 miles which separate Hawaii from North America. His plan is to make a cable with two separate conductors inclosed in the same armor, so as to form a complete circuit, and every 100 or 150 miles he will introduce stretches of cable with three such conductors, the third being a wire of high resistance, the purpose of which is to act as a sort of artificial and protected leak. One end of this third wire will be connected with the positive conductor and the other with the negative one. By this device the static charge on one wire will neutralize that on the other, and all retardation will be avoided. The expectation is to multiply four or five times the number of words now sent over Atlantic cables, to increase to 70 or 80 the 12 words per minute that could be sent over a single core cable to Hawaii, and raise from 15 to 75 the words sent from London to Cape Town.—New York Times.

NO BLOOD SPILLED.

But the Duel Was Fought, and Everybody Was Satisfied.

Every one who knows anything about Major Winton knows that he is without a spark of physical cowardice. That is the reason that he incurred no risk in telling the story that follows:

"Right after the war I went to Texas and formed a business partnership with a rough but brave and big hearted native. We leased and stocked an extensive cattle ranch, hired our cowboys and established a little community of our own. My partner superintended affairs at the ranch while I did the dealing, the purchase of supplies included. This took me to the nearest market, and, as it was too soon for the prejudices between the two great sections of the country to be entirely allayed, I was very careful to talk nothing but business.

"But one day in the hotel an ex-colonel who had taken on extra steam at the bar so persistently attacked my political principles and so clearly aimed his generalities at me that I retorted angrily. This was what he wanted. He handed me his card, and within half an hour two of his friends waited on me, pursuant to the code duello. To gain time I referred them to my partner and hurried back to the ranch. He was delighted at the prospect. It would be a great piece of advertising to bowl the colonel over, and at the same time it would insure me against like trouble in the future. But by principle and training I was irrevocably committed against the duel.

"It was difficult for me to make my partner comprehend any such moral bias, especially as we had fought off cattle thieves together, and he knew that I had nerve and was a dead shot. He himself, when aroused, was recognized as one of the most dangerous men in the southwest. His ultimatum was that we must meet, but with it was a positive assurance that no one should be hurt. The affair came off, and after three exchanges honor was satisfied without a drop of blood. My partner had simply told the colonel's seconds that they must load with blank cartridges or settle with him. They hastened to choose the blank alternative, and in time the colonel and I became fast friends. He confidentially admitted to me afterward that he reckoned he'd lost his shooting eye and must keep out of trouble."—Detroit Free Press.

Realism In Literature.

"The movement for realism in literature has given to the best current fiction a verity and value as a reflection of the times that the novels of no other era possess," writes Droch in The Ladies' Home Journal. "This is not saying, by any means, that our novelists are greater than any of previous epochs. But never before could a reader of fiction accumulate a vivid, true and varied picture of so many sides of human nature, so many conditions of actual life. It therefore broadens the horizon of a judicious reader in a way that books of travel never did. It ought to and often does broaden the sympathies of the reader so that the prejudices of class and nationality are broken down, and there is a more charitable judgment of human nature which can't help being 'different.'"

Why His Hat Stuck.

Tommy (inquiringly)—Mamma, is this hair oil in this bottle?

Mamma—No, that's glue.

Tommy (nonchalantly)—Then I expect that's why I can't get my hat off.—Chicago Record.

MR. RUST GETS A LETTER.

Delayed Because Addressed to Him Under His Chemical Name.

As curious a letter as has been received in Kansas City for many months reached the postoffice recently, and after a great display of learning on the part of some of the clerks it was finally delivered to the man for whom it was intended. The distributing clerk who first got hold of the letter looked at it in despair. It was plainly evident that the writer of the letter had been burning the midnight oil in an attempt to baffle the postoffice force.

The first line contained the letters "J. S. FE2O3." The letters were plain enough, but what did they mean? The next line began with a large A, then there was a carefully executed drawing of what had the appearance of a barber's comb, then a small a, and finally a representation of a house, drawn by one whose early education had been sadly neglected.

What should have been the third line of the address was in the shape of a more or less accurate map of Kansas City, showing the junction of the streets in that vicinity. The last line was another map, showing the boundaries of the state of Missouri.

It was plain enough that the letter was for some one who lived in the state of Missouri and in Kansas City. It did not take a great stretch of imagination to discover that the comb and the sketch of a house had some vague reference to the Acoma building. So far it was easy sailing, but who was the mysterious "J. S. FE2O3?"

After puzzling his brain for a long time, without any good result, the clerk took the letter to Night Clerk Canfield, who is supposed to be able to guess all sorts of conundrums.

"I can tell you a part of it," said he. "I can tell you that 'FE2O3' are the chemical symbols for ferric oxide. Now if you can find out who he is you are all right."

Still the distributing clerk was unable to solve the question. He went about asking every one what he knew about ferric oxide. He finally encountered one man who was more of a chemist than the others, and he imparted to him the information that ferric oxide in common parlance is called "rust."

That is how J. S. Rust received the letter over which his friend in Conception, Mo., had spent so much time.—Kansas City Times.

HE GOT HIS ANSWER.

But It Was Very Different From What He Had Expected.

As the train pulled out of Chicago a quiet, gentlemanly looking man entered the buffet car, and, ensconcing himself in a comfortable chair, drew out a long cigar and entered deeply into his paper. He remained so quiet and retained his seat so long that another passenger, whose bearing distinctly stamped him as a commercial traveling man, one of the kind full of chatter and curiosity, could no longer restrain himself. Addressing the quiet gentleman, he inquired, "Traveling east?"

Slowly removing his cigar, the gentleman turned and looked at his questioner with slightly elevated eyebrows, replying, "Yes."

"New York?"

"Yes."

"Pleasure?"

"Yes and no."

"Great place, New York. Ever been there before?"

"No."

"I'm going home this trip—New York, you know."

The gentleman made no reply, but resumed his paper. After a little silence the commercial man began again.

"I'm with C. & Co., on Broadway. If you drop in, I'll show you over the city."

"Thank you, it will not be necessary!"

"Excuse me, but might I ask what you're going to New York for?"

By this time most of the other passengers were interested. The gentleman, who was extremely annoyed at the drummer's curiosity, laid down his paper and exclaimed:

"I'm going to New York, first, because the train is taking me there; second, because I've got lots of money and can afford it, and, last, because if I like the place I intend to buy it."

The commercial man subsided amid a roar of laughter.—Philadelphia Times.

The Center Table.

Some one recently has spoken a word in favor of the old time center table, and it would indeed be a good thing could it be restored. The very presence of its bright lamp, its periodicals and its books suggests sociability and delightful intercourse. The very opportunity it offers for the drawing up of many chairs is a silent invitation, and it so possesses a subtle charm that is all its own. What we most need in our modern social life are informal gatherings where companionship can be enjoyed without the preparation and the fuss attendant upon a dinner or a reception. And, as the center table may properly be called a promoter of just such happy homes, it would be well were it once more given a place.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Following Precedent.

"I'm too practical to do as heroes do in books, Miss Slight, so I'll just ask you bluntly, will you be my wife?"

"No, thank you, Mr. Terse. I myself don't believe in those silly, bookish notions, and as the silly heroines always say yes, why, I'll tell you bluntly, no, sir, I won't."—Philadelphia North American.

It was the belief of Livingstone that nearly all lions were "left handed." He watched them closely, and when they desired to strike a fierce blow they always used the left paw.

The popular belief that the sap of trees goes down into the roots in winter and rises again in the spring is false.

Society Directory

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Recording Secretary, Simon J. Maloney, 3031 Pitney av.
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Treasurer, D. J. Sullivan.
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Financial Secretary, Thomas J. Waldron, 3831 LaSalle st.
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Financial Secretary, P. McDonald, 551 Twenty-eighth st.
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JUST try a 10c. box of Cascarets, the finest liver and bowel regulator ever made.

TURNING THE TABLES.

Wanted Her Husband's Opinion About Many Trivial Points of Dress.

A certain up town Clevelander is the happy possessor of a marital interest in a very pretty and accomplished lady. She is fond of nice clothes and always looks well dressed, and her husband is just as proud of her as he should be. But from a technical point of view he knows nothing whatever about her garments, and it bothers him greatly when she assumes that he does. She fires broadsides of questions at him whenever she is dressing to accompany him. "George, how does my skirt hang?" "Is it too long in front?" "Does my belt cover the pins?" "Do you think this gown is becoming?" "Is my collar down at the back?" "Are there any wrinkles in this waist?" "Is my hat on straight?" These and a hundred other interrogations are fired at him at short intervals. If he doesn't pay close attention she gets cross. So he pretends to listen carefully, and answers glibly, although always at random.

The other day a neat way of getting even dawned upon him. When he was dressing that night for a party, he suddenly called his wife from the adjoining room.

"Alma," he said, "do you think these new trousers hang just as gracefully as they should?"

"Why, George," she said. "I don't know anything about it. Why do you bother me?"

"Hold on," said George, "I was wondering if this shirt bosom sits quite right?"

"Of course it does," snapped Alma.

"And these shoes—do you really think they are becoming to my complexion?"

"What a silly question."

"And—hold on, Alma—isn't the coat a little long in the tails—on one side, I mean—and can't you pin it up?"

"Why, George, I never heard you talk such nonsense. You haven't been drinking, have you?"

"And—just wait a minute, Alma." He quickly raised his silk hat from the dresser and clapped it on the back of his head. "Now, dear, please pay attention. Is my hat on straight?"

Then she understood his wicked little game.

They walked together in silence until they came within sight of their destination, and the deeply wounded Alma managed to stammer:

"Well, George, you mean old thing, is my hat really and truly on straight?"

Whereat they both laughed.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"STONE OF SCONE."

The Enterprising Schoolboy Who Slept In the Coronation Chair.

It is a long walk from the dining room of the Westminster school to the coronation chair, which stands behind the old stone screen just back of the altar in the abbey, but there is an interesting conection between the two. This chair, as is well known, is a rude, heavy oak chair, much worn by time. It contains the "Stone of Scone" and was made by the order of Edward I in 1297, and every English sovereign since then has sat in it to be crowned.

A stout railing in front of the chair restrains the crowd of visitors from coming near, but if they were allowed to examine it as closely as I was fortunate enough to do they would find cut boldly into the solid oak seat in such sprawling letters as the schoolboy's knife makes upon his desk, "P. Abbott slept in this chair Jan. 4, 1801." P. Abbott, it seems, was a Westminster schoolboy, and a tradition, which there is every reason to believe is true, tells that he made a wager with a schoolmate that he dare stay in the abbey all night alone.

In order to win his wager he hid in some corner of the old building until the doors were locked for the night and thus was left alone there. Fearing, however, that when morning came the boy with whom he had made the bet would disbelieve his statement that he had won it, he determined to have some proof of the fact, and so spent the hours of the early morning in carving on the coronation chair the sentence which, even now, nearly a century after, bears witness for him. It is disappointing that the tradition does not record just what form and amount of punishment was visited upon the lad for his escapade, and that history does not tell us of his later years. I wonder whether the courage and grit which this deed manifested foretold an energetic, successful life or was dissipated in mere bravado.—Max Bennett Thrasher in St. Nicholas.